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Milton Friedman's Four Steps to Freedom

NATIONAL REVIEW



HOW THEY DECEIVED THE PRESIDENT

The Inside Story on Iran-Contra
by Caspar W. Weinberger

Our Man at the State Department
William McGurn

Me Bubba, You Jane
William Murchison



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NATIONAL REVIEW

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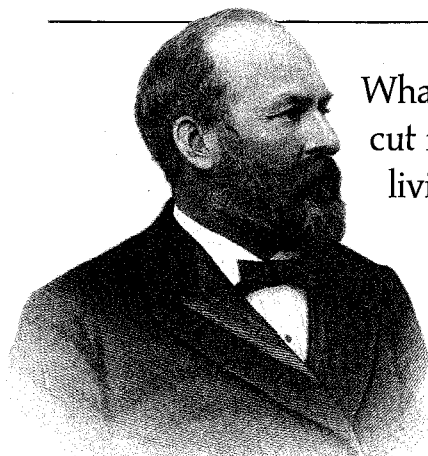
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THE MOST ENDURING MONUMENT IS NOT MARBLE, BUT MEMORY.



General James A. Garfield spoke at Arlington National Cemetery on the first national Memorial Day, May 30, 1868. General Ulysses S. Grant also attended.

What began with fresh-cut flowers became a living tradition.

Even before the Civil War ended, women in the South had begun placing flowers on soldiers' graves.

Confederate and Union both.

Their generosity was impartial. And inspirational.

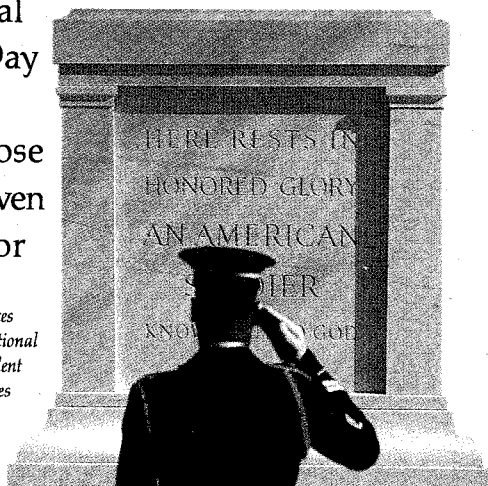
It moved Francis Miles Finch to write an impassioned poem, titled "The Blue and The Gray," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in September 1867. Its heartfelt sentiment swept the country.

In town after town, people held commemorations for the war dead.

Since then, the spirit has grown. And the meaning of Memorial Day has grown, too.

This year, we are helping to sponsor the first National Memorial Day Concert to honor all those who have given their lives for

Some of the most moving Memorial Day observances are held at Arlington National Cemetery, where the President or his representative places a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknowns.



America, starting with the American Revolution.

Back on the first official, national Memorial Day in 1868, main speaker General James A. Garfield paid tribute:

"If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men whose lives were more significant than speech and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung."

Our 1990 Memorial Day tribute will indeed be musical. But no less sincere than General Garfield's. And through live broadcasts on PBS television and National Public Radio, we will bring it to hundreds of thousands of Americans.

Please join us.

The real meaning of Memorial Day is not preserved by a cold, marble marker. But by a living spirit.

GENERAL DYNAMICS
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Whose Unquiet Graves?

After reading Alistair Horne's "The Unquiet Graves of Yalta" [Feb. 5], I continued to be bothered by his closing statement that "it was not the British, but the corrupt and brutal Communist regimes of Stalin and Tito, which actually carried out the torture and executions of the wretched repatriates of 1945. This has to be where any tortuous parallel to Nuremberg breaks down." The conclusion seemed abrupt and unsupported by the evidence in the article.

In the March 19 "Letters" column, Nikolai Tolstoy and Mr. Horne exchanged letters, but did not address the essence of Mr. Horne's closing argument. However, in seeing that ending phrase again I was able to determine that Mr. Horne was wrong in his conclusion: legally wrong, morally wrong, and factually wrong.

Legally wrong in stating that the British (and Americans) who transported the Russian and Yugoslav "traitors" to their executioners were not as guilty as the murderers. To illustrate, two men kidnap a person; one man drives the car while the other kills the victim. The driver is as legally culpable as the one who pulls the trigger.

Morally wrong because he attempts to establish a wall that is not there between conduct and its foreseeable result. His argument is the equivalent of a slave-ship captain denying responsibility for the use his human cargo will be put

to, since he neither captured them nor enslaved them.

Finally, and most shocking of all, Mr. Horne is factually wrong. From Vichy France to Quisling Norway, the Netherlands to the Soviet Union, "public" officials, under German orders, transported Jews, gypsies, and the other "undesirables" of Europe to concentration camps. After the war these people were tried, convicted, and punished for their acts.

In the final analysis, "Operation Keelhaul" may be justified, for the reasons that Mr. Horne gives. But that does not mean it was necessary, or forgivable. In this case I fear that Alistair Horne has let his respect and admiration for Harold Macmillan cloud his usually clear historical vision.

Wilford H. Ross
Van Nuys, Calif.

Pollock Frolic

In Eric Gibson's review of Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith's *Jackson Pollock* ["Books, Arts & Manners," March 19], the critic makes a curious claim as to the responsibility of a Pollock scholar: "Inevitably . . . one has to somehow explain the drip technique, or at least discuss it in a way that doesn't make it sound mindless. The ability to do so amounts to a kind of litmus test for any Pollock biographer."

This is a relatively new tenet of art criticism. Critics from Plato to Matthew Arnold were concerned, not with provid-

ing systematic defenses of any craze or fad in popular culture, but with questions of value—both moral and aesthetic. Gibson's attitude denies the free play of the rational mind over the objects of its contemplation, which constitutes the only true criticism. Rather it participates in the modern conspiracy to deny the very grounds of value, a conspiracy which has succeeded in reducing art to any residual grime (bodily excretions included) that two or more sensitive individuals are willing to stand around "discussing." It is interesting to note that one reads very little condemnatory criticism any more. By charging the critic with becoming a servile apologist for his subjects, Gibson denies the possibility of value in art, the possibility that the drip technique is, in fact, "mindless."

Michael J. Burke
West Lafayette, Ind.

No Free-Market Environmentalism

Extending the philosophical concept of "personal property rights" to the environment ["Good Fences Make Good Neighborhoods," April 1] will do little to change the mindset of plant managers concerned with the bottom line. Such simplistic solutions only serve to cloud the issue of the moral responsibility to protect our natural resources for the safety and health of future generations.

On a technical point, the idea of adding "tracers" to air pollutants is technically impossible to implement and monitor. Gasses mix in the atmosphere and expand to fill the volume of the container (the ecosphere), making it essentially impossible to monitor any particular tracer with certainty.

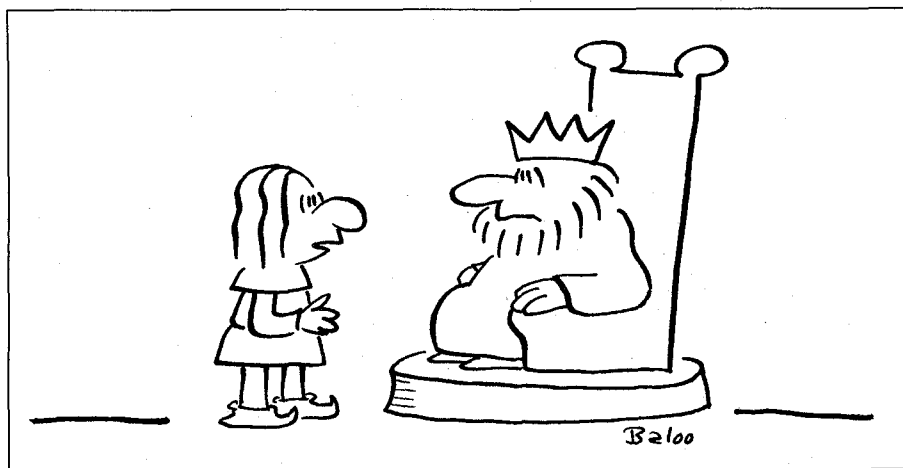
Another flaw with the labeling of emissions is that the labeling chemicals will probably be as noxious and toxic as the emission being monitored. Perhaps effluents released into waterways could be colored with dyes, but, then, who wants colored water in his favorite fishing hole? Simplistic solutions will not work when dealing with toxic chemical pollutants.

David W. Nix
Aiken, S.C.

Fire & Ice, Sticks & Stones

It is possible that some readers may not notice that Russell Seitz's review of my book *Fire and Ice* was published on April 1 ["Spirits of the Air," "Books, Arts & Manners"]. I would therefore like to call attention to a couple of statements in that review which may have been made in the spirit of the day.

While Mr. Seitz commends me for my treatments of the greenhouse and ozone-



"But Sire, you nationalized everything last year—there are no property-tax revenues!"

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depletion problems, he accuses me of relying "on dated, secondary, and often partisan sources" in my report on nuclear winter. On the contrary, I used, and have identified in the book, several up-to-date, primary scientific studies of nuclear winter from a variety of authors. Aside from the original TTAPS papers (though only the more popular *Scientific American* article is listed in the bibliography), I discuss the work of nuclear-winter critics, such as the NCAR group, whose work Seitz erroneously claims has nullified the theory. Though Thompson and Schneider of NCAR have referred to the cataclysm as "nuclear autumn" instead of winter, they do not deny that a large-scale nuclear war would be indeed a catastrophe, resulting in "unprecedented and worldwide human misery." (Precise references to this and other papers discussed below are given in the book.) In addition, a careful reading of *Fire and Ice* will reveal reference to a UN report in 1988 (four years after the original TTAPS paper), an article in the official publication of the American Geophysical Union in 1989, and a research paper in the British journal *Nature* in the summer of 1989, less than three weeks before the book went to press. Mr. Seitz does not like those articles, which is his privilege, but it is not his privilege to pretend that they don't exist and to accuse me of "pretending that non-scientist

Spark's (early) effort at criticizing the theory was the final word."

Mr. Seitz apparently feels that the social disruptions of a nuclear war would far outweigh the climatic effects, and with such a belief I have no argument, though it regrettably forms no part of my book. It is neither fair nor true to say that *Fire and Ice* addresses only "hard-core, unreconstructed nuclear winter": I discuss the "nuclear autumn" reconstruction, and spend a lot of space explaining and discussing the limitations of and the errors inherent in all atmospheric models; nor is it fair of the review to ignore the non-TTAPS, non-Sagan sources referred to above.

Finally, Carl Sagan is not the lead author of the TTAPS group, and so one must wonder why Mr. Seitz continually attacks his name alone. Is it because Carl Sagan is an identifiable red flag to reactionary intellectuals, and therefore anything tainted with his name is *a priori* abominable?

A book review may be political, even polemical, but it should be honest. I leave it to readers to try to imagine how *Fire and Ice* can be so well informed on matters on which Mr. Seitz has no axe to grind (according to the review), and so ill informed on the one matter on which he is emotionally partisan.

David E. Fisher
Miami, Fla.

It is axiomatic that a slighted author will try to get away with murder in replying to a review. Fire and Ice neither gives the title nor cites the source of the "original" TTAPS paper. Fully half of Fisher's 48-item bibliography indeed is filled with "secondary" sources. It cites such erudite journals as The New Yorker, The New Scientist, The Atlantic, and the Wall Street Journal. In a fast-evolving field, the 1984 Scientific American article is a veritable fossil.

As to "partisan," the only primary paper pertaining to "nuclear winter" that Fisher cites is the one from 1989 referred to in his letter. It was written by a member of Scientists against Nuclear Arms who works for Greenpeace. The American Geophysical Union didn't sponsor the conference reported on in its journal in 1989—the Gunnar Myrdal Foundation did.

Fisher's slant toward the "apocalyptic predictions" (Sagan's phrase) of the "unreconstructed" theory is vividly illustrated by his own prose: "If anyone was left alive after the slow passage of the nuclear winter . . . their eyes would be burnt out of their sockets and their bodies blackened and burnt to crisps" by "the emerging sun." This morbid silliness is a far cry from "nuclear autumn." This is not science; it's Helen Caldicott warmed over.

Fisher simply ignores the central thesis of Thompson and Schneider's article: "On scientific grounds the global apocalyptic conclusions of the initial nuclear-winter hypothesis can now be relegated to a vanishingly low level of probability." To quote the United Nations report I supposedly dislike, "The group has chosen to minimize the use of the term nuclear winter . . . temperature reductions would not extend frozen conditions over most of the planet." Is it too much to ask that Fisher manage his data the old-fashioned way—by reading it?

I had hoped to spare Carl Sagan's co-authors the opprobrium of further association with him, but I should indeed have named at least the first "T" in TTAPS—Richard ("We have this theory about the end of the world") Turco.

The penultimate reason that so many "reactionary intellectuals" (e.g., Senator Proxmire, the editors of Nature and The New Republic, and the president of the Council for a Livable World) are ticked off at Sagan is cultural—his long career as the abominable showman.

Since his letter's arrival, on Good Friday the 13th, I have implored Fisher to retract it and spare some trees from the pulp-mill. But he was insistent. Their sap is upon his hands.

—RS



ADVICE AND DISSENT

They're contentious and contagious. They're the McLaughlin Group. (clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.

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■ Stuff of Democratic nightmares: **Jesse Jackson** in 1992. Sen. **Barbara Mikulski** (D., Md.) put her finger on problem at recent Democratic fundraiser in New Hampshire. There is "an eerie silence" on the presidential campaign trail, she said. . . . Understandably, given **George Bush's** high-flying approval rating. "I don't sense 1992 is the year for Democrats to win the White House," says **Bert Lance**, former **Jimmy Carter** White House aide. . . . "Usually by this time we have an awful lot of people in the 'out' party who are doing a lot of exploring," says Brookings Institution political analyst **Stephen Hess**. "That is not happening now." . . . Or as Carter press secretary **Jody Powell** put it in New Orleans: "Going after the Bush White House is sort of like raslin' with a down mattress—it assumes the shape of your own body." So far, Jackson is only prominent Democrat visibly in the race, but there are signs his appeal may be waning among blacks. **Al From**, executive director of Democratic Leadership Council, points out that Rev. Jackson has chosen to stay on the outside, not to run for lesser political office, "and that is becoming less and less attractive," says From. . . . *New York Times* quotes a senior elected black official at recent Democratic National Committee meeting in Indianapolis: "At some point African-American officials may say [to Jackson], 'We love you, but we don't want to play that game any more. We want to win. Our people need to win.'" . . . Columnist **Paul Gigot** of *Wall Street Journal* suggests Democrats would be wise "to ditch Jesse Jackson and pick [Virginia Gov.] **Douglas Wilder** as vice-presidential candidate in 1992." . . . Recent election of Wilder to governorship, says University of Virginia political analyst **Larry Sabato**, "is the most serious threat Jackson has faced. And I'm not certain he fully realizes it."

■ Republicans stand to gain up to

three seats in Senate this fall, says *Christian Science Monitor*. It finds very vulnerable Democratic Senators **Paul Simon** (Ill.), facing Republican Rep. **Lynn Martin**, who has started to move up in polls; **Claiborne Pell** (R.I.), facing another aggressive GOP woman, Rep. **Claudine Schneider** (private polls show Pell just four points ahead); and first-term **Tom Harkin** (Iowa), running against politically savvy Rep. **Tom Tauke**. Also vulnerable, says *Monitor*, although less so, are Democrats **Carl Levin** (Mich.), **James Exon** (Neb.), and **Max Baucus** (Mont.). . . . Fighting for a chance at Levin are Rep. **Bill Schuette** (ADA 40; ACU 71) and pro-life Detroit lawyer **Clark Durant**. **Oliver North** has been campaigning for Durant. Primary is August 7. . . . In gubernatorial races, GOP could be in big trouble with redistricting in prospect. *L.A. Times* poll shows former S.F. Mayor **Dianne Feinstein** with five-point edge over Republican Sen. **Pete Wilson**. . . . In Texas, macho statements by Republican gubernatorial candidate **Clayton Williams** [see "Me Bubba, You Jane," p. 24] are hurting him not only with feminists but with women at large. . . . And sudden decision by Democratic former Sen. **Lawton Chiles** to enter Flori-



"Don't worry, I'm not collecting poll tax. I'm only your Tory Party candidate."

da gubernatorial battle could prove knockout blow to hard-pressed GOP Gov. **Bob Martinez**. . . . In Connecticut, **Everett Ladd** of **Roper's** thinks **Lowell Weicker**, running for governor as independent, is going to win, but **Morton Tenzes**, professor of political science at UConn, sees Weicker as splitting liberal vote with probable Democratic candidate, Rep. **Bruce Morrison**. . . . Local polls raising question: How effective would Weicker be as governor in dealing with ruffled Democratic and Republican state officials and legislators? . . . Connecticut's loopy liberals beginning to break toward Weicker, despite Morrison's nifty ADA (100) and AFL-CIO (100) ratings. Says impeccably liberal **Rose Styron** (Mrs. **William**): "We would have gone to Bruce [Morrison]. But we admire Lowell Weicker a whole lot." Says ex-*New York Times* man **Harrison Salisbury**: "I don't have any trouble because I'm a strong fan of Lowell Weicker's." . . . Rep. **Barney Frank** (D., Mass.), meanwhile, has endorsed Morrison, and is urging Connecticut gay and lesbian community to do likewise.

■ Good news for conservatives: President Bush's appointment of **Lynne V. Cheney** to second term as chairman of National Endowment for the Humanities. . . . Columnist **Bob Novak's** son **Alex** and classmate **Mark Lloyd** have started up conservative journal at Kenyon College, the *Kenyon Observer*. For info write: P.O. Box 304, Gambier, Ohio 43022-0304. . . . At liberal Smith College, student senate has authorized establishment of a pro-life unit on campus, but will not make it eligible for financial support. . . . National Journalism Center is branching out and offering fellowships in economic journalism, semester-long courses in how to cover budgets, taxes, energy, health care, banking, and so on. For info, contact **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline** at NJC, 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. Phone: 202-546-1710.

■ Odd-couple political-reform committee: Former Sens. **Barry Goldwater** and **William Proxmire** have set up committee to prepare state-by-state "voter self-defense manuals" to instruct voters on how to pin down candidates on the issues.

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FROM THE EDITOR

1861 and All That

■ Is history a collection of improving tales in which, to borrow the language of *1066 and All That*, historical events can be neatly classified as Good Things or Bad Things with historical actors playing equally heroic or villainous roles? That is how first-grade history used to be taught—and maybe it is the only way it can be taught. Perhaps, as children, we have to absorb national myths before, as adolescents, we discover the more ambiguous historical reality underlying them.

Sometimes, of course, real historical events turn out to be improving tales after all. One of them is the abolition of slavery, in which the heroes are as various as Abraham Lincoln, William Wilberforce, the Royal Navy, and the Civil War regiment of black soldiers celebrated in *Glory*. But the villains are almost as diverse, particularly if we include those who were not so much naturally vicious as ordinary people caught in terrible circumstances or even enterprising people blind to the moral evil of a system into which they had been born.

Amanda Lee Brooks deals with such people, namely blacks who traded in slaves, in her article on page 36. But when she attempted such research for a PhD, she soon discovered that first-grade history is the standard of excellence in the modern academy. Blacks who were neither victims nor heroes but active participants in the exploitation of their own race were an unwelcome complexity in a tale of racial vice and virtue. She faced disapproval.

Why? The existence of black slavers no more weakens the case against slavery than the existence of black policemen in South Africa weakens the case against apartheid. And the true historian will find such people of great interest. Coming from the slave-holding societies of West Africa, did they perhaps take slavery for granted, maybe not see it in racial terms at all? It is possible. But what of those who settled in America? How did they adapt to a society in which slavery

and color were all but co-terminous? To the first-grade historian, however, such questions merely complicate his real business: namely, the construction of a useful political myth for today's racial politics.

Dr. Brooks's argument is thus less about slavery than about history itself. Is it to be a genuine attempt to understand the past in all its variety? Or a string of improving tales which, by treating blacks in the past as plaster saints, treats blacks in the present as children?

■ Arthur Schlesinger Jr. offered a similar defense of serious history in the *Wall Street Journal*. It was a pleasant surprise to find Dr. Schlesinger on the same side of the barricades. But I was wrong to be surprised. Dr. Schlesinger, a gifted historian, is another example of Conquest's Law that everyone is a reactionary on the subject he is expert about.

So, in his way, is the artist who declined to do an illustration for Dr. Brooks's piece. I asked why. He was dubious about the article's "intent." Friends, too, thought its motivation "questionable." Had they read it? No, and neither had he. Would he read it and perhaps reconsider? No.

I make that two strikes for Conquest's Law.

■ Stranger Than Faction. My competition for a (printable) limerick about Imelda Marcos has been an unexpected success from every standpoint except the literary. Limericks have been pouring into NATIONAL REVIEW, spreading alarm and despondency among the staff (some of whom are from good homes). We must therefore call a halt. No entry will be considered after 5 P.M. on Monday, April 30, however metrically correct, witty, or scandalous it may be.

New entrants are advised to stay away from the theme of shoe fetishism, which has been somewhat overplayed.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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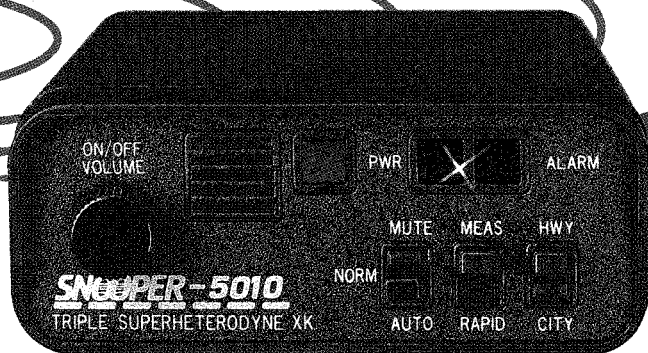
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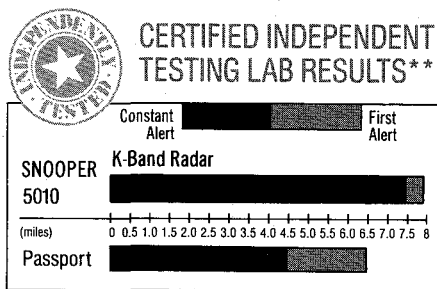
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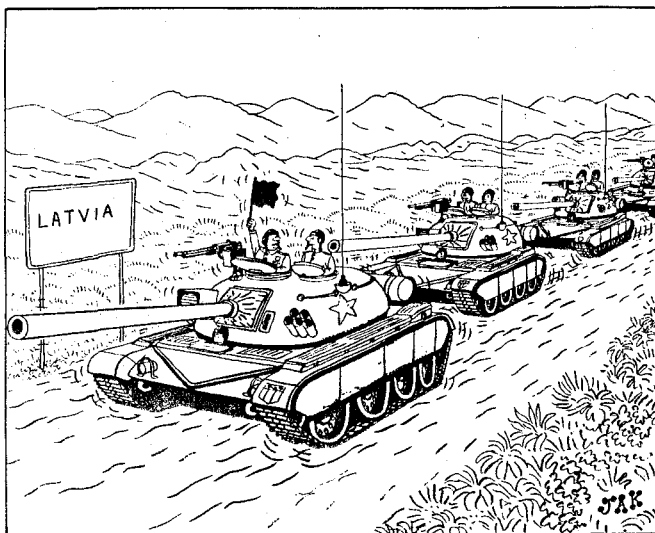
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THE WEEK

■ The vivacious Barney Frank will seek re-election after all. The only remaining question is whether his campaign is eligible for NEA funding.

■ Environmentalists at the Washington, D.C., celebration of Earth Day addressed a "Prayer to the Earth." Gee. If it's a religion, maybe the Supreme Court will strike down environmental legislation as unconstitutional.

■ They couldn't touch Ronald Reagan when he was in the White House, but now that he's been out for over a year, the hatchets are being sharpened for a little cutting down to size. Anthony Lewis, whose instinctive taste in leaders runs more to the Khmer Rouge and the ANC, has announced that history will put the former President at Harding level. Then there's all the coverage of Jimmy Carter and his goo-goo carpentry, the intention of which is to blacken Carter's successor. For our part, we suspect that the man who put the American economy into a six-year expansion, and whose firmness transformed Mikhail Gorbachev from Brezhnevite hack into reformer, will look pretty good over the long haul. But in the short haul, the dynamics of progressive politics require that the reputations of Unprogressive Elements be tarnished. They did it to Coolidge, they did it to Ike. They'll be doing it to George Bush, come 1997—all the more reason for the President to disdain the assault on his predecessor and patron.



"Slow down, Boris, I think we've just run over Lithuania."

■ But maybe Reagan ought to have shown greater determination to defend himself while still in office. John Poindexter's conviction underscores the cost of failing to defend executive prerogatives against Congress. Poindexter clearly did deceive Congress [see "How They Deceived the President," p. 28]. He shouldn't have; but he shouldn't have had to, either. Even so, Reagan should have refused to cooperate with the inquiry, summarily pardoned any of his subordinates who were indicted, and insisted on the unconstitutionality of the use of a special prosecutor by one branch of government to bring another to heel. Prosecutor Dan Webb sanctimoniously argued that "high men in government . . . ought not to be allowed to commit crimes to pursue their own self-interest." But Poindexter was pursuing (however ineptly) what he saw as the national interest, and at some risk—considerable, as it turns out—to himself. Meanwhile, there are leaks suggesting that Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh will use this conviction to reopen the whole inquisition. Thus a constitutionally dubious agency will continue serving an ideological policy battle on the pretext of fighting crime. This may run longer than *A Chorus Line*.

■ The chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Sam Nunn (D., Ga.), has just called for cuts of up to \$18 billion from the President's 1991 defense budget. Given the senator's esteemed position, his figures are now being taken as the best the Administration is likely to get. In the case of defense, however, the bottom line is not necessarily the most important part of a budget: it's at least as important to know what the money will be spent on. Here the shadow Secretary of Defense is not as clear: Mr. Nunn has attacked the priority George Bush has given to the Strategic Defense Initiative, he has urged cutbacks in both MX and Midgetman missiles, and he now reserves comment on the B-2 bomber—the core programs of the President's strategic-modernization effort. There are fireworks ahead.

■ You may recall a brief uproar a year ago when CBS News reported that the FBI was investigating the office of Congressman William Gray, the Pennsylvania Democrat who was then seeking to replace Tony Coelho as House Majority Whip. (And did.) Much outrage was directed at Attorney General Richard Thornburgh, whose office was deemed responsible for the leak. Well—if you're still interested—Thornburgh complied with demands that he conduct a criminal investigation of his own office to find the source of the story. Investigation now complete. Thornburgh says he couldn't find the original leaker, but he has determined that his press secretary did confirm the story to CBS. But, says Thornburgh, the press secretary, David Runkel, acted properly, since department policy is "not [to] mislead

the media,” and Runkel, when asked, didn’t deny the story, thereby indirectly confirming it. Still with us? The original disclosure was unethical, all right, but a false denial would have been unethical too. Ethical city, Washington.

■ The Reverend Ralph David Abernathy, who died last week at 64, was a brave but pathetic man who never quite escaped the ethnic self-absorption that finally turned much of the civil-rights movement into one more aspect of special-interest politics. He had a niche in the movement, as Martin Luther King’s lieutenant, but wandered into eccentricity after King’s murder. Only weeks after King was killed, Abernathy led the bedraggled Poor People’s Campaign in camping out near the Lincoln Memorial until the D.C. riot police forced them to leave. He dropped from sight after that and re-emerged only twice, both times to enrage his old confrères: first in 1980, when he endorsed Ronald Reagan; and again last year, when his autobiography caused a sensation by detailing King’s last adulteries. He wanted his epitaph to read simply: “I tried.” Fair enough.

■ Did the media lose the Vietnam War? No; that was LBJ and Congress. But the media did their bit, as Morley Safer casually shows in *Flashbacks: On Returning to Vietnam*, when he visits with Pham Xuan An, a wartime Saigon correspondent for *Time* who was also a spy for the North Vietnamese. Safer defends An and *Time* against charges that An improperly influenced *Time*’s coverage, but Safer admits other journalists considered Comrade An “a sage . . . when trying to unravel the hopelessly complicated threads of Vietnamese political loyalties.” To be fair, *Time* Vietnam vet Burton Yale Pines, now at the Heritage Foundation, disagrees: “I am embarrassed that I trusted Mr. An as enormously as I—and my fellow journalists—did for information about what was happening, militarily and politically, in Vietnam. Clearly, Mr. An misled me; when he did, I then misled *Time*’s readers. I thus owe *Time*’s readers an apology . . .” So *Time* magazine, it seems, was divided between our side, their side, and Mr. Safer in between.

■ Workers of the world, watch your wallets. Tomás Borge, Nicaragua’s outgoing Interior Minister, claims that the ruling elite under the Sandinista government has shared the “difficulties and deprivations [of the people], living in the same places, sharing the shortages . . . because it would not be fair to create a privileged caste amid the poverty.” But in 1979, the Sandinistas’ ruling members took control of Managua’s spacious homes—walled compounds, outfitted with fine art collections, swimming pools, central air conditioning, and satellite TV dishes. In

a final legislative act, these agents of the working class have signed the right to this property over to themselves.

■ Brazil’s new president took office pledging to get the government off the people’s backs. Within a few weeks he raised capital-gains taxes, expanded the scope of the income tax, froze 80 per cent of savings deposits, and imposed wage and price controls. Reaganomics loses something in translation.

■ One Soviet citizen in seven is classified as living in poverty (about the same rate as in this country). However, officials in the two countries disagree about what constitutes poverty. Here the income threshold is a little over \$1,000 a month, not counting government benefits; at which income about seven out of eight Soviets would be counted as poor. There it is \$125 a month, probably in official rubles, i.e., about enough to sleep on a steam grate.

■ Phil Donahue will host the first annual media-awards ceremony of GLAAD, the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation—“defamation,” of course, meaning criticism. Nobody can accuse Donahue of criticizing *any* form of deviant behavior, so it’s appropriate that he himself will be honored as GLAAD’s “Media Person of the Year.” New York’s Mayor David Dinkins will deliver the keynote address. Imagine braving the muggers to attend homosexual festivities. New York, 1990.

■ Memo to the N.Y. subway system and Harvard: Police in Zurich, Switzerland, grant full civil liberties to beggars. However, they confiscate all the money that the beggars beg.

■ Plug in your word processors, or sharpen your quills, as the case may be. Ted Turner has just established “a major literary award,” as he calls it—a \$500,000 prize for the best work of fiction “set in the near future (1991–2021) with themes ensuring the survival and prosperity of all life on our planet.” Dostoyevsky need not apply.

■ Well, well. So the Supreme Court says a judge may order a tax increase. Taxation without repre-

The Warren Court

To those who loved to rail at Earl
And thumb a nose at Ike,
The current eight guys and a girl
Are sure a look-alike.

W. H. VON DREELE

sentation is okay, provided it's imposed in the name of equality.

The Love That Kills

IN THE SLOW Soviet throttling of Lithuania, we see the consequences of the West's love of Gorbachev. So long as Gorbachev's agenda coincided with the hopes of Central Europe, our fondness for him was harmless. Gorbachev wanted to be rid of the sclerotic and costly regimes on his western flank, and so did their oppressed subjects. Gorbachev would have preferred that they be replaced with sleek, reform Communists of his own stripe, but when such halfway figures turned out to be as unpopular as the Stalinists they supplanted, Gorbachev was realistic enough to let Central Europe go its own way.

When he found himself dealing with the aspirations of a captive nation within his own borders, he drew the line. He drew it because he is not, finally, interested in freedom or justice, but only in perpetuating his own power and the power of his class. In order to do this, he needs Western economic assistance, which he would risk forfeiting at the first display of gross brutality. So his treatment of the Lithuanians has been moderate, by Soviet standards: though tanks roll through Vilnius, they have not fired; Soviet soldiers have roughed up Lithuanians, not killed them. His goals, however, remain intact.

So why can't George Bush see that, in this situation, he holds the trumps? The conviction that Gorbachev has to be handled with kid gloves since he might, any day, be replaced with someone worse strikes us as overblown. Someone like whom? The Pamyat movement is about as likely to take over as Louis Farrakhan. An old-guard reaction would produce a social explosion. The army and the KGB, acting in concert, are Gorbachev's only conceivable replacements. But they share his analysis of the situation.

Since Gorbachev is going to be around for a while, and since he needs us, we are not powerless to suggest limits of acceptable behavior. This would in-

volve the simple statement that our position on Lithuanian independence remains what it has been for fifty years, and that while we have no intention of interfering in the efforts of two sovereign states to bring reality into line with justice, we do not condone regressive efforts to maintain an offensive status quo.

Instead, the Administration, like a radio station with a weak signal, has been all blur and static: stern when the President is with Margaret Thatcher in Bermuda; slippery when he is with François Mitterrand in Boca Raton. Mr. Bush, it should be said, hasn't been getting much encouragement from Washington conservatives, who have been toeing his wobbly line. It took one meeting to gag the usually irrepressible Newt Gingrich.

If Gorbachev is the best of all possible rulers in the best of all possible Russian worlds, then everything, including the freedom of captive nations, must be sacrificed to him. If he's not, then the world looks a little different. It's time for George Bush to stop looking at Gorbachev with lover's eyes.

Apocalypse Now

THE URGENT need, as the "environmental" movement pushes its way toward the top of the political agenda, is to take the assorted problems seriously, but avoid superstition. Careful analysis of the facts in every environmental question should be the order of the day. Unfortunately, the environmental movement, with all the talk of embracing Mother Earth, has taken on a peculiar character, a sort of bogus pantheism with rock stars as priests and T-shirts as vestments.

It is probably no accident that this movement is peaking as the fear of nuclear war fades. Demonstrating against the Pershing II gives way to apocalyptic fears about the environment. "Repent. The end is near." This sort of thing makes mobs feel more important.

Along those lines, we have just had a global-warming conference in Washington under White House auspices. Now, although computer models have been constructed concerning the so-called greenhouse effect, there is no scientific consensus about its nature, its causes, or its extent. There is considerable doubt about whether the globe is in fact warming, and more doubt about whether computer models can project the temperatures of the twenty-first century. Robert Jastrow, for example, has written a paper arguing that variations in the sun's performance have more to do with terrestrial temperatures than carbon dioxide does.

It is quite likely that we will, in due course, reduce the generation of carbon dioxide and our dependence

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Never doubted the price would accrue,
Producing a boodle
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W. H. VON DREELE

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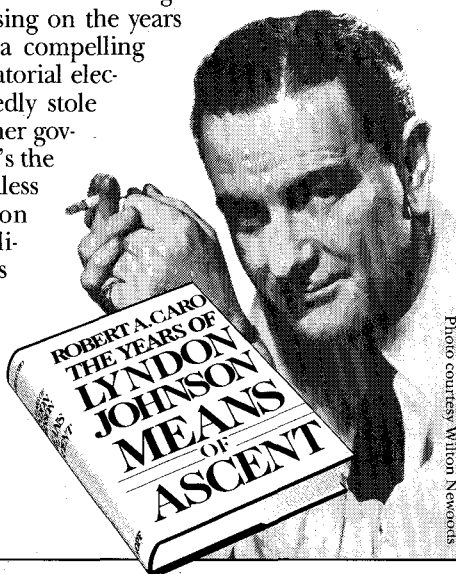
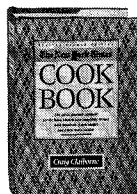
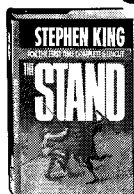


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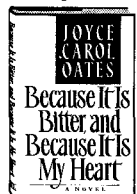
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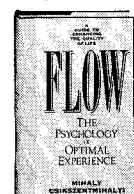
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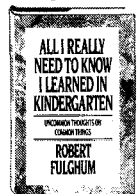
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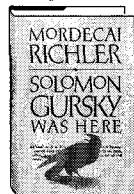
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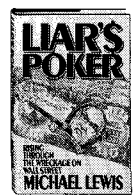
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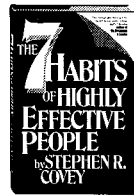
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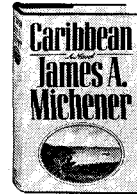
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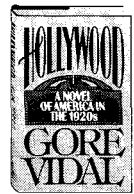
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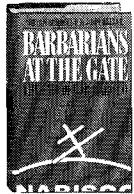
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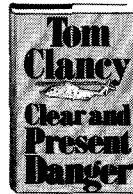
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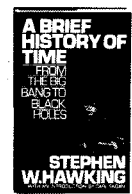
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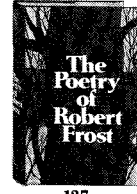
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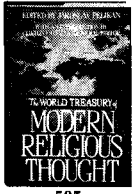
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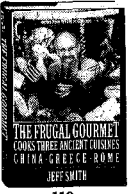
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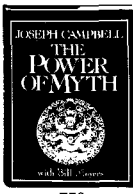
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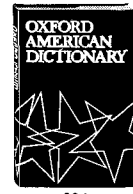
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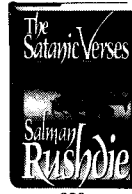
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on fossil fuels. The environmental movement is surprisingly mum about France, which generates relatively little carbon dioxide. Why? Shhhh. France relies heavily on "clean" nuclear power.

The environmental or "green" movement does not mainly consist of people who merely prefer to visit garbage-free seashores and breathe decent air. The movement has a hidden agenda, which is the expansion of state control and regulation over rational democratic choices. Thus the slogan: "The green tree has red roots." There will always be a cadre of people who wish to exert their own political will at the expense of others, as in the anti-Vietnam and nuclear-freeze movements. There is a Red Guard-ist mentality in the environmental movement.

Though conservatives rightly find this repellent, the answer is not to abandon the assorted issues to the Red Guards. The answer is to develop a genuine and informed analysis of the issues, from oil spills and ozone to the decent treatment of animals. Extremists need not apply, nor rock stars either.

Memo To The Next President

THE Bush Administration has been playing the hostage situation as well as a bad hand can be played. Its greatest success is registered in the fact that, for the last 15 months, there has been no hostage situation—no continuing comment, no on-going story. Washington low-keyed it right up to the release of Robert Polhill. When the Islamic Holy War for the Liberation of Palestine demanded that an Assistant Secretary of State present himself in Damascus to await further orders, Bush said nothing doing. Asked by reporters about goodwill gestures America might make in return, once Polhill had been freed, Bush said nothing doing to that too.

Bush has also denied any interest in making deals, and certainly he seems to have avoided the more embarrassing trappings of Reagan-era deal-making: Bibles and cakes, that kind of thing. But an understanding, if not a deal, is surely in the works, and its vectors are plain to see. What America has that Iran wants is millions in frozen Iranian assets. If Iran continues to demonstrate unbarbarous behavior, those assets will thaw. In order to secure their own advantage, the Iranians are bribing their Lebanese allies to let the American captives go. They scratch our back, we let it be known we may scratch theirs.

Two imperatives appear to be in tension whenever American citizens are held hostage. The first is that a great nation should not treat with blackmailers. The second is that we value the safety of our citi-

zens, wherever they choose to travel. The beginning of wisdom in dealing with hostage-takers is to realize that the conflict between national pride and personal safety dissolves in the long view. If we refuse to help criminals profit from kidnapping, then fewer Americans will be kidnapped. The safety of today's hostage, achieved at all costs, is danger for next year's journalist or overseas academic.

George Dukakis

IN RECENT WEEKS Bush has been positioning himself strangely on the sort of issues that helped him and Ronald Reagan defeat Carter and Dukakis. He not only capitulated on the misconceived Hate Crimes Statistics Act but invited "gay" leaders to attend the White House signing ceremony. His final disposition of the controversy over NEA funding of such exhibits as Robert Mapplethorpe's photos of children's genitals and homosexual practices and Andres Serrano's crucifix-in-urine (the only religious article eligible for public funds, someone has observed) was to declare himself against "censorship."

Whether or not there is, as Henry Hyde said in our last issue, a clearly defined *Kulturkampf*, there is in some of these works an unmistakable spite against the traditional moral and religious sentiments not only of the American people but of the entire West—indeed of any humanity aspiring to achieve some sort of normality. It is not only the *bourgeoisie* that the Mapplethorpes aim to *épater*. Their subsidized efforts would be unlikely to find favor with the Bedouin nomad, the Chinese peasant, or the African herdsman. Some of the works in dispute are intelligible only within Western culture and, therein, only as deliberate blasphemies.

One need not favor closing down museums in order to understand the revulsion ordinary people feel at some of the pet causes of the alienated Left. Those causes are often designed to inspire precisely that revulsion, using the category of "art" as a mere sanctuary for provocation. And even the term "hate"

Tally-Ho!

As blacks, in numbers not seen since
They flocked to Grant and made a mince
Of Democratic politics,
Return to Mr. Bush's mix,
It's getting hard to make the rounds
Up front with hares and back with hounds.

W. H. VON DREELE

has become ideologically loaded, confusing violent crime with social prejudice and overlooking the fact that the most virulent hatred now afoot is the antagonism of the Left toward the majority culture and ethos. In general, the majority has shown an almost bovine tolerance toward the provocations of Mapplethorpe et al.

But tolerating them is one thing: ingratiating oneself with them is another. George Bush seems as eager to prove he is not a redneck as he seemed, during the 1988 campaign, to prove he was a regular guy. He risks losing the profounder loyalty not only of the conservative core of his support, but of the ordinary voters who are beginning to be aware of the

constant insults that are being offered to their way of life.

The Mugging of Milken

IF THE plea bargain between Michael Milken and the federal prosecutors goes ahead as leaked, we can be sure of only one thing. Mr. Milken may be guilty of no crime whatsoever or of many more serious offenses than those in the agreed-upon indictment, but he is assuredly not guilty as charged. The fact that he is pleading guilty

RIGHT DATA

How Many Homeless?

ADVOCATES for the homeless are understandably annoyed at "shelter night," the Census Bureau's well-publicized effort to count the homeless population. For years these groups have traded on the figure of three million homeless—1.2 per cent of the nation's population. The media generally report this figure. Politicians and celebrities cite it. Yet every systematic survey of homelessness since 1984 has put the figure at between 250,000 and 600,000, with the average at about 400,000. The only study to reach a seven-figure estimate, *Homelessness: A Forced March to Nowhere*, was published by activist Mitch Snyder in 1982, and was based on a phone survey of shelter operators across the country.

The tricky part of any attempt to count the homeless is to determine the ratio of street homeless to shelter homeless. We know there are approximately 275,000 beds in shelters throughout the country. A HUD survey conducted in January 1984 found only 70 per cent of shelter beds occupied. Even assuming full occupancy, and even defining each of the approximately 110,000 persons in public mental hospitals as "homeless," the street-to-shelter ratio would have to be 8 to 1 for there to be three million homeless. Advocates for the homeless insist that street people go to great lengths to hide themselves and are grossly undercounted, but most studies have found the average annual street-to-shelter ratio to be less than 1 to 1, far less in those cities, such as New York, where shelters are readily available.

Researchers generally agree that between 35 and 40 per cent of homeless individuals have severe drug or alcohol problems, and 50 per cent are disabled by mental illness. A 1988 Urban Institute

study was the first to look at other characteristics, and found that 56 per cent had served five or more days in jail, while more than 25 per cent had served time in state or federal prisons, implying felony convictions. Almost 50 per cent never finished high school, and only 5 per cent had steady employment. This contrasts sharply with the image portrayed by the media: the Center for Media and Public Affairs reports that only 12 per cent of the homeless interviewed for the three networks' evening news shows were unemployed, and only 3 per cent were drug or alcohol users. Their survey covered 103 stories on homelessness broadcast over a thirty-month period.

To what extent, then, is homelessness strictly a housing problem? We might start with the 10 per cent of homeless households made up of families with children. These families are poor, but relatively few members are drug addicts or mentally ill. However, most of these families are headed by females—half of them never married—suggesting that even in this group few are homeless solely because of a lack of affordable housing.

In New York City an average of 12,000 families are homeless over the course of a year. Surely the city's housing supply—1.9 million rental units—could be stretched to accommodate a less than 1 per cent rise in inhabitants. Where rents are not controlled this is accomplished by means of upward migration: affluent tenants move to better apartments, their old units are acquired by those just below them on the housing ladder, eventually freeing up the least desirable units for the poor and homeless. But one of the strictest rent-control laws in the nation induces New Yorkers to hold onto their apartments long after their incomes have risen, their families have grown, and, in many cases, they themselves have left town.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

to these offenses is no more than a legal technicality reflecting the final balance of power in a complex game of threats and inducements in which the prosecutors hold most of the cards.

The only card they apparently lack is any clear evidence of serious crimes Milken may have committed. At first, this did not seem to matter, because they had enough legal bludgeons to frighten most people into crying uncle. There was, first, the RICO statute, which allows prosecutors to seize assets before a trial and which last year forced Drexel Burnham into pleading guilty to securities fraud, going bankrupt, and abandoning Milken. Then, there was the threat of a major indictment against Milken's younger brother, Lowell, for whom he apparently feels a fraternal protectiveness. Third, there was the overlapping confusion of securities law, which is drawn up so that no one can be certain of complying fully with it and everyone is therefore permanently exposed to legal attack. And, finally, there was the excited state of liberal opinion, led by the *New York Times* editorial page, baying for the blood of an insider trader. To Rudolph Giuliani and his captains down at the U.S. Attorney's office, Milken must have seemed an easy mark.

Yet Milken refused to buckle, at which point the tables were turned. The terrible prospect yawned before the prosecutors that they might have to prove their case in court. Milken might even be acquitted. Threats of fresh charges suddenly materialized—presumably in the hope that a jury will conclude that a man accused on 99 counts must be guilty on at least one. This produced the Mexican standoff of last week's plea bargain: a \$600-million fine and a five-year sentence, but no racketeering charges, no charges based on insider trading, no indictment against Lowell Milken, and, above all, the sentencing of Milken *before* he could testify to prosecutors on the crimes of Wall Street.

Not that the prosecutors have entirely given up their intimidation. The *Washington Post* quotes "sources" as claiming that "if the government concludes Milken is being untruthful, it might seek to use the threat of less comfortable prison treatment to encourage better cooperation." And what if that fails? Place him in a crowded cell in the hope that homosexual rape will do the trick?

It is difficult to know which is the more shocking: that prosecutors should consider such methods, or that they should discuss them in the pages of a liberal newspaper in the (apparently justified) certainty that this will arouse no indignation whatsoever. We repeat: No one will ever know what crimes, if any, Michael Milken has committed. The prosecutors' tactics have seen to that—tactics which can acknowledge their own brutality only because they enjoy a legal immunity initially granted on the assumption that such acts were unthinkable. Mr. Mil-

ken might reasonably put himself down as another victim of white-collar crime.

Judicial Taxation

THE SUPREME COURT has reminded us that there is not yet a "natural" conservative majority on the Court, as some Court-watchers have claimed. It is a "conservative" Court in comparison with its recent predecessors, and it is a "conservative" Court in terms of its intellectual balance. But beyond this, conservative dominance on the High Court remains more a tantalizing prospect than an immediate reality, dependent ultimately upon a determined Republican President being in place as actuarial forces are played out.

What we have on the Court today, for most purposes, is four conservatives, four liberals, and Justice Byron White. While the latter can be expected, more often than not, to side with the conservatives, this penchant is not the stuff of which lasting majorities are built. This was abundantly evident last week in the Court's 5 to 4 decision in *Missouri v. Jenkins*, in which Justice White wrote the majority opinion upholding a district judge's decision to impose a substantial property-tax increase upon the residents of Kansas City. The purpose of the scheme was to fund improvements in the city schools designed to make them more "visually attractive" and "comparable" to suburban schools.

Justice Anthony Kennedy, in a Bork-like dissent, observed that the Court's decision marked "an expansion in the power of the federal judiciary beyond all precedent" and that the "casual embrace of taxation imposed by the unelected, life-tenured federal judiciary disregards fundamental precepts for the democratic control of public institutions."

In a bit of disingenuousness, the Court majority reproached the district judge for having sought to impose the tax increase upon the city *directly*. Rather, since "local officials should at least have the opportunity to devise their own solutions to these problems," the judge should have "required" these officials to enact the increase themselves. If anything, however, this approach is even more inappropriate than the lower court's action—maintaining a charade that some semblance of representative government is actually in place when a school board or city council takes an action under the duress of a judicial command. Better to have ventriloquists' dummies casting the votes than to reduce elected officials to such a role.

Whether *Jenkins* will become a permanent part of our constitutional architecture—resulting, as Justice Kennedy noted, in judicial taxation in countless areas involving prisons, hospitals, and other public

institutions—or whether after a reversal or two it will sit in the legal stacks, an unlamented historical curiosity, will depend upon how future vacancies on the Court are filled. The battle over Judge Bork's nomination probably foreshadowed a recurring struggle throughout the 1990s. Each of these battles can fairly be viewed as a battle over the wisdom of the Court's decision in *Jenkins*.

Nixon Redivivus

NEAL FREEMAN's Blackwell Corporation, which a couple of years ago produced the fine television documentary *The Conservatives*, now offers *Richard Nixon Reflects*, a ninety-minute show that covers with impressive objectivity some of the major events in the career of the former President, and also provides a searching consideration of his present views on a variety of topics.

The show will air on most PBS stations May 4, at 9 P.M. local time; and videotapes are available from the Blackwell Corporation, 1255 23rd Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

In the show, we see flashbacks of Nixon's career, including the Checkers speech, the Hiss affair, the Vice Presidency, the TV debate with Kennedy, the Presidency, the resignation. In the foreground, however, is Nixon today, with Morton Kondracke doing the questioning at Nixon's home and in his office. We do not get just talking heads. Much of the interviewing takes place on strolls around the grounds in Saddle River, New Jersey, and the photography is exquisite.

Among the topics covered are George Bush (he throws short, successful passes like Joe Montana), Gorbachev, Vietnam (without Watergate, South Vietnam today would be free and among the wealthiest Asian nations, instead of a Communist slum), Hiss, Mario Cuomo, Ronald Reagan, the media (TV news is "entertainment"), Japan, leadership, and much more.

We suppose the big news here is that "Nixon confesses," which is to say, he confesses that the Watergate coverup was entirely political. He confesses, in effect, that he did it for John Mitchell.

Nixon certainly had his excesses, as when he said that the Hiss case showed that Communist agents were active "at the highest levels" of the U.S. Government. That was

not proved. It *was* true that some at the highest levels were naïve about Stalin. (Indeed, Tip O'Neill, Jim Wright, and Chris Dodd, among others, have been naïve about Daniel Ortega.)

The former President does seem to believe, as does President Bush, in a sort of club of major world leaders: Bush, Gorbachev, Thatcher, Deng, Kohl. This notion may be less valid in today's environment of revolutionary change than it would be in a time of international stability.

But see this show, which records a former President of superior mental powers making an admirable effort to understand the changes that have occurred and are still occurring.

Greta Garbo, R I P

THE SINGLE WORD "Garbo" defined a whole era in movie history, signifying an enchantment beyond mere glamor. Greta Garbo gave the screen some of its most affecting tragic moments in *Anna Karenina* and *Camille*, and some of its most deliciously funny in *Ninotchka*. Even in lesser roles she was incomparably watchable, like a cat, a flame, a waterfall: she had no human rivals.

It was a happy accident that her existence coincided in time with the movie camera, and at a time before Hollywood required young actresses to strip and swear and be raped and splattered; defilement was not yet part of the job description in those days. She was accorded the privacy she needed to enact mystery. Even at her most expressive she conveyed a sense of infinite reserves of intelligence and personality, depths no man could reach. And nature generously endowed her with a beauty worthy of her genius.

One scene in *Ninotchka* finds her, shortly after having fallen in love with Melvyn Douglas, discovering a picture of another woman in his desk. Without a word, little waves of shock, jealousy, and grief chase each other over her face in an eloquent silent soliloquy. Such acting was more than histrionics. She played each role from some hidden vantage point of her own, unknown to scriptwriter and director.

In retirement she became New York's most visible recluse, prize catch of the paparazzi: often sighted, never quite captured. She wanted to be alone, but in a huge city.



You could suspect she'd found the ideal strategy for continuing to promote her own legend, keeping herself alluring even in old age. Those who actually met her seemed to find her unremarkable. She was at her most fascinating when just beyond grasp.

She showed us that something was possible; her successors have shown only that it was unrepeatable. There was one Garbo. The rest are pinups.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Wm—

It is now almost exactly thirty years since I sent you a copy of my long letter to *Modern Age*, in which I gave my comments on several dozen mistakes in the then current issue. *Modern Age* has for many years been produced with care, and I haven't had to crack the whip again in that direction. But, old shoe, what's happening on East 35th Street? I attach a discussion of the mechanical problems in the current issue [March 19] of dear old *NR* and hope you'll tie a bomb to it and place it on the appropriate desk. I couldn't refrain from talking about one or two points that are strictly stylistic; questions of style would have covered twenty pages more, and, besides, that's not my business any more. But I do care very much about *NR* and about my mother tongue, which I need not defend myself for defending. I have in that regard what Ortega so nearly calls *una razón vital*.

Ever of thee (as AJN* liked to sign off),
Wm

*[Albert Jay Nock]

Dear Wm: Your note is welcome and deserved. Much happened during the fortnight in question, not least the vacation of the managing editor, and in-house experiments of a recondite technological character. We have imposed a *frein vital* on all projected changes that make us vulnerable to your criticisms. Ever,
Wm

Notes on March 19 NATIONAL REVIEW

- p. 12—Second paragraph: Here I find “apparatchiks.” The “t” is correct (the noun is *apparatchik*). However, on p. 29 I find “*apparatchiki*,” the Russian plural transliterated correctly, and the word in italic as befits the foreigner. You offer still another variant on p. 31, where I find *apparatchiks*, i.e., the English plural while the word is in italic. Then on p. 33 I find the “t” missing in both *apparachiki* and *apparachiks*.
- p. 13—“What better way,” etc., should end with a question mark. What better way to show it's a question?
- p. 17—Lefthand column, mid: A “quorum” can't be

reduced to a “symbol.” A quorum is a body competent to do business. A symbol need be no more than a flag. If we stationed only one soldier in Europe, he would stand as the symbol of our resolve to carry out our policy; but he would not constitute a quorum.

- p. 17—Righthand column, top: “As Clemenceau might put it” would be all right if the old boy were still alive. “Might have put it” keeps us properly oriented in history.
- p. 20—Middle column, uppish: “Already-existing” is a phrase that exhibits the needless hyphen. “Already” is a fully grown adverb and can modify any damned adjective it takes a shine to.
- p. 20—Right, mid: “Because of his curious role the junk bond market.” This would be good syntax in Hebrew, but we need a piece of connective tissue between “role” and “market.” Probably “in” is the word everyone overlooked.
- p. 22—Left, high: It's “Eastern Air Lines” (three words), unless Frank Lorenzo has started stealing capital letters from his unhappy subsidiary.
- p. 23—Bottom left: We need a full stop after Tito's death in 1980. Hell, we needed a full stop to him forty years earlier.
- p. 24—Left, top: “Drags” should be “drag.” The subject is “the crisis . . . and inflation.”
- p. 24—Tense sequence, that forgotten art, causes trouble at the end of the next paragraph. “With Slovenia gone, . . . would deteriorate . . . , had been getting is diminishing.” The idea should be clear, and I'll let you clean up this mess during your own business hours.
- p. 24—Right, lowish: A real monster: *dejá vu*. That's a new one to me, certainly the furthest thing from *déjà vu*.
- p. 25—Left, lowish: *Verboten* is not a noun and need not take the initial capital. Such gaffes around *NR* were at one time *streng verboten*.
- p. 25—Left, bottom: “The only known example of the Germans actually *shortening* a word.” The Germans are like all speakers of all languages: they use apocopations when they can. *Der Oberkommandant* becomes *Der Ober*, and so on, and why not?
- p. 25—Last paragraph: L.A. is not “the City of Angels.” It is La Ciudad de Nuestra Señora, Reina de los Angeles—the City of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels. The name is far too beautiful to be ignored.
- p. 28—Lefthand, mid: I see the cheeky hyphen barging into German now. It's not *Mittel-Europäische*, but *Mitteuropäische*, and don't forget the umlaut over the “a,” or my armies move at dawn.

- p. 28—Next para: Out, out, damned hyphen! All my life it has been ice floes, and now *NR* has discovered “ice-floes.” What *is* it about your fulminating hyphenosis? Did you buy an oversupply of them and are you trying to work off the inventory? They’re a drug on the market, I say. Take your losses, throw the bum stuff out, and start with a clean slate.
- p. 30—Left, top: *Newshour* should be *NewsHour*. I know it’s weird, but so are Jim and Robin sometimes.
- p. 30—Five lines down, “doubtlessly” should be “[sic]ced,” and sicced good and hard.
- p. 31—Left, middle: Who’s the worry wart who wrote, and allowed to stand, “an highly decentralized federation”? Must have been some escapee from an herb farm.
- p. 31—Left, bottom: “Multicandidate” is much ugliness. Oh, Hyphen, where art thou when we need thee? The little busybody is so bemused by sticking his nose in other people’s business that he has neglected his own rightful chores.
- p. 32—Right, bottom: “A stem-winding speech.” This is what linguists call a “back formation”; starting with a known term (“stem-winder”), someone proceeds by analogy to create its other formations. Trouble is, the ignorant make the wrong assumption. In this case, “stem-winder” is not “someone who stem-winds.” In the old days men told time by sundials, water clocks, roosters, the moon. By and by they invented clocks, big ones. Then by and by they made smaller and smaller clocks until they had one so small they could carry it around. It was on its way to becoming a pocketwatch. But it was still wound up by inserting a key in the face, just like the old grandfather clock. Then some genius hit upon the novel idea of rearranging the gears so that the watch could be wound up by working the “stem” at the top (it was the knurled knob at 12 o’clock high). The English unimaginatively called this a keyless watch, but the delighted Yankees called it a stem-winder, and from that moment anything fine, anything first rate, anything that commanded attention and respect, was a real stem-winder. So, in American idiom, a fine speech can be a stem-winder. But you cannot give a stem-winding speech, nor can an audience be stem-wound by it. Sorry! And by the way—is the idiom, as distinguished from grammarbook talk, a dying form of speech?
- p. 37—Left, near bottom: “Likely” is not an adverb, at least not yet, at least not in my book, at least not in my neck of the woods. And we



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“It’ll take time before they’re sophisticated enough to field monster raving loony candidates . . .”

- don’t need it. (There is one special locution in which it is acceptable, but I won’t tell you about it; you might misunderstand.)
- p. 38—Righthand: We have Smuzynski, and Sumzynski, and I say it’s spinach. But his mother would like to have the name treated with some respect.
- p. 42—Middle, uppish: “Thankfully, the debtor nations have . . .” The debtor nations don’t know the meaning of thankfulness. Somebody else must be thankful. I wonder who?
- p. 56—Right, mid: FDR did not “serve four terms.” He was elected four times, and dropped in his tracks shortly after the last election.
- p. 59—Left, near bottom: “The *Grief* concerto.” It’s Grieg, need I say? and no italic is needed. It’s not a title. The title is *Piano Concerto in A Minor*. Good “Grief,” indeed!
- p. 64—Middle, middle: What a nice surprise it would have been if you had had the courage to use an exclamation point after the sentence that starts, “What a nice surprise”! It is the one time, other than in the imperative or the interjection, when the use of the exclaim is positively commanded. Seeking to avoid the monster because it has been abused by careless writers, one should not shrink from its ordained use. Hop to it! What a fine chance to hit ’em with a bang!
- (WFB’s columns not proofed by me.)

For which, thank the Lord!

—WFB

Making a Difference

SUSAN MANDEL

ON SCREEN is Polly Williams, a silver-haired black grandmother, explaining why she fought (successfully) in the Wisconsin legislature for state-funded vouchers to enable children from low-income families to attend private schools. Pointing to a picture, one of many in her living room, of her baby grandson, Mrs. Williams says, "Mikey is the whole inspiration for, . . . the whole power behind his grandma when it comes to this [activism for] parental choice. Because all I had to do is think about him, knowing what kind of system we have available for some of our people, [and] I knew that I was going to make things better for him."

Mrs. Williams is an unlikely political leader for a reform movement that originated in the conservative wing of the Republican Party. The one-time welfare mother is a lifelong liberal Democrat representing a black inner-city state legislative district in Milwaukee. Moreover, she was Wisconsin chairman for Jesse Jackson's last two presidential campaigns. Still, Mrs. Williams has induced her state to put into practice an idea conservatives have been pushing for a quarter of a century: school vouchers. And in so doing, she, like others working to solve social problems at the local level, is at the same time blazing a new path for the conservative movement: grassroots activism.

Mrs. Williams's is just one of several stories featured on an upcoming national "teleconference"—a conference held at sites across the country, linked by satellite television. The "American Opportunities Workshop" is sponsored by GOPAC (a Republican organization chaired by Newt Gingrich that seeks to encourage grassroots activism), NATIONAL REVIEW, and other conservative groups, who hope the massive town meeting will, in Gingrich's words, "launch the citizens' activist movement of the Nineties."

"We want to apply to the government in the Nineties the same set of

standards that Ralph Nader and the consumer movement applied to business in the Sixties," explains Jeffrey Eisenach, an organizer of the teleconference. "The government, at various levels, is today at least as socially irresponsible as any corporation was in the Sixties. It's the largest polluter, the largest provider—in the form of foster care—of inadequate child care, and the largest owner and operator of substandard housing—public housing projects. Our government-run education system is obviously failing. Government doesn't even provide minimum safety on the streets."

The program will be broadcast via satellite to over five hundred sites nationwide on May 19, at 10 A.M. Eastern and 9 A.M. Pacific time. Satellite dishes can catch it on Westar 4 transponder 14. It will also be carried on local community-access channels in much of the country. To find out where it will air in your area, or to organize a viewing site, call 800-872-2798.

There are signs that the conservative movement is already moving in the direction in which the show points. Far from having died along with Communism, as many pundits have claimed, the conservative movement is going strong. It has gone back home to the cities and towns, where, in the last few years, citizens have organized thousands of community groups to fight against crime, drugs, and higher taxes, and for issues such as education reform—essentially conservative themes.



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Public-opinion polls all show the number of self-identified conservatives rising or holding steady, and the number of liberals falling, among all population groups, including blacks. The trend is most striking among 18- to 24-year-olds, who represent the most Republican age cohort in American history, with some 57 per cent identifying themselves with the party, according to Michael Barone, co-author of *The Almanac of American Politics*. A 1988 poll in *Rolling Stone* revealed that 18- to 44-year-olds overwhelmingly viewed the decline in children's religious training, the spread of permissive attitudes toward sex, the rise in the number of working mothers, and similar social trends as changes for the worse.

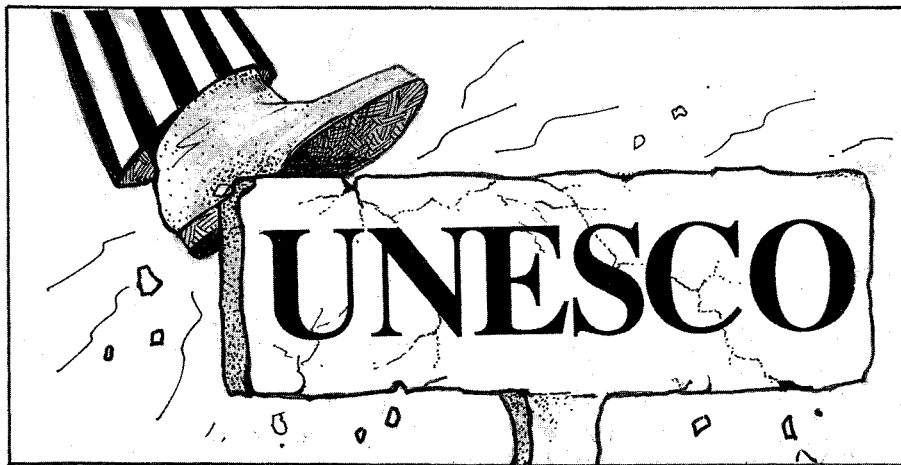
"Overall, current trends have to be seen as favorable for people on the right," says Karlyn Keene, the former managing editor of *Public Opinion*. At the same time that more people are thinking conservatively on political issues, more of them are at work spreading conservative ideas. In the last five years, 15 conservative think-tanks, focusing on state-level issues, have sprung up, and more are on the drawing board. There are now sixty alternative conservative college newspapers, a third of which were started in the last two years.

AND THOSE ideas are beginning to make a difference. Polly Williams won the fight for education vouchers in Wisconsin, and there are strong movements to institute them in Colorado, Louisiana, California, and Oregon. Initiatives and referenda which would have legalized gay marriage were defeated in five cities last November—including San Francisco. Meanwhile, the tax revolt is hotter than it has been since Proposition 13 in 1978, observes David Keating of the National Taxpayers' Union. North Dakota voters just defeated a proposed tax increase. Initiatives and referenda limiting taxes are expected to be on the ballot this year in Massachusetts, Illinois, California, Colorado, Oregon, Michigan, Missouri, and South Dakota.

"The conservative movement is on the march throughout the states," says Grover Norquist of Americans for Tax Reform. "If the Left in New York and Washington hasn't noticed it, so much the better." □

Jim Baker's Right-Hand Man

WILLIAM MCGURN



Jennifer Lawson

WHILE MOST eyes here were focused on the crisis in Lithuania or the Administration's China policy, a little-noticed but far-reaching decision came out of the State Department: the United States had reviewed its 1984 withdrawal from the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) and decided against re-entry. In a press conference on April 17 the assistant secretary for international-organization affairs, John Bolton, said that "little if any true reform had taken place" since the U.S. left, and released an exhaustive 43-page study backing up the charge.

"When we first withdrew from UNESCO their expectation was that they would get rid of [Director General] M'Bow, make some cosmetic changes, and that after a year the U.S. and Britain would declare victory and come back," says Mr. Bolton. "But it hasn't worked out that way."

The U.S. move put quite a crimp in the Brie accounts at UNESCO's Paris headquarters, which still gobbles up more than 70 per cent of the organization's overall expenditures. America's continued absence leaves a \$50-million hole in the budget, which explains

why UNESCO has been so anxious to woo back Uncle Sam. As reported in *NR* ["Off the Record," Jan. 22], the campaign included a plot to get Barbara Bush to do a video on illiteracy; the plan backfired when a UNESCO crack about her "fuzzy-mindedness" got back to the First Lady. More recently UNESCO has upset its largest remaining contributor, Japan, by creating 33 new posts (in Paris, of course) at a cost of \$6 million despite promises to cut personnel.

The real story here, however, is not UNESCO but the 42-year-old *Wunderkind* who has held the American line: John Bolton, a man with the odd combination of Jim Baker's trust and Ronald Reagan's principles. In Bolton's office rests a dummy grenade—a gift from his former colleagues at the Agency for International Development, with the inscription, "John R. Bolton, Truest Reaganaut." But since last May Bolton has served George Bush as the State Department's man for international organizations, one of those relatively obscure but critical positions, responsible for about a billion dollars in U.S. contributions to dozens of organizations.

"The issue really is whether the U.S. is going to stick to its decisions or

pay for the privilege of getting kicked around," says Elliott Abrams, who had Bolton's job back in 1981. "This has ramifications all throughout the UN system and other organizations. We are fortunate that our guy in there now understands this clearly."

Bolton proved this even before he was officially sworn in. The day after his rushed confirmation hearings, he flew to Geneva to fend off the PLO's attempt to join the World Health Organization (WHO) as a member state, a move that would have opened the door for similar recognition from a host of other organizations. The choice of WHO was clever, for WHO grants membership by a simple, rather than two-thirds, majority vote. Some of the member nations already recognize the PLO, and a number of those that don't would be easily intimidated by threats of terrorism.

When Bolton arrived in Geneva the members told him the same old story: We support you in private, but we won't go against the PLO in public. Bolton had already made it clear that the U.S. would withdraw its financial support from WHO if the PLO were admitted, but he had to leave the members with some face. So he pushed for a critical point: a secret ballot. With that, the motion to admit the PLO was deferred; Arafat was reportedly dumfounded.

BOLTON was also in the thick of the effort to make sure the elections in Nicaragua were genuine. The UN secretary general sent down former Attorney General Elliot Richardson as his personal representative to monitor the elections. John Bolton kept the heat on Richardson with a steady stream of letters pointing out instances of Sandinista harassment and intimidation, and a good deal of the credit for the outcome thus goes to his shop. Indeed, a senior Administration official says that Bolton's effectiveness transcends his dealings with international organizations and works "within the Department of State itself."

So how does a man who wears Adam Smith ties survive in a Bush Administration? A good part of the answer is his personal friendship with Secretary of State Jim Baker. Bolton did high-level volunteer work in Baker's unsuccessful 1978 campaign for attorney general of Texas. Baker didn't forget:

the hotshot young lawyer was one of the first people he brought into the Reagan Administration. Asked about his closeness to Baker, Bolton shows his State Department pinstripes. "On the matters that I deal with, we agree," he says diplomatically. It's also true, and this combination of principles and connections makes him a rising conservative star.

"As the cold-war front becomes somewhat less important for the U.S.,

the Third World front becomes somewhat more important," says Burton Pines of the Heritage Foundation. "[We deal with it] in international organizations, and Bolton understands how to use American leverage and American principles to advance American interests.

"It's nice to know we have someone in there with the rare Washington combination of being intellectually smart and politically clever." □

Me Bubba, You Jane

WILLIAM MURCHISON



Joe Rocco

THE EYES of America, I observe, are on Texas. How about this from, forgoshsake, the *New York Times*: "Contest in Texas to Test Currents in U.S. Politics?"

Republican Clayton Williams, an old-fashioned Texas male from his Stetson to his cowboy boots, is running for governor against a liberated woman, Ann Richards, snowy-haired state treasurer and Democratic rabble-rouser extraordinaire. Delivering the keynote address at the 1988 Democratic National Convention, Mrs. Richards delivered the campaign's second most famous line (after "Read my lips"): "Poor George," twanged Mrs. Richards, "... he was born with a silver foot in his mouth."

Texas, two years later, is poised for political realignment: conservatives mostly camped out with the GOP, liberals in unshakable control of that former bastion of conservatism, the Texas Democratic Party. A dwindling

band of conservatives, particularly in rural areas, still cling to their Democratic affiliation, but a new generation will in due course come to understand that the real conservative action is in the Republican arena.

Ann Richards is the latest instrument and product of political realignment. Her triumph in the April 10 Democratic runoff—57 per cent of the vote against state Attorney General Jim Mattox—had no ideological dimension. It was a contest between two dedicated liberals (although Mattox played to the grassroots by speaking out for the death penalty).

Lacking substantive matters to debate, Mr. Mattox and Mrs. Richards started bedecking each other with mud. He suggested repeatedly that she had taken drugs ten years ago, during a long battle with the bottle. She questioned, not without evidence, his financial and business ethics. Voters were observed reeling backward, clutching their stomachs.

The size of Mrs. Richards's margin of victory was due partly to a desire, shared by Texans of otherwise diver-

gent tastes and preferences, to retire the obnoxious Mattox from a nearly twenty-year-long political career. I personally know of Republicans who voted in the Democratic primary solely for that purpose.

Clayton Williams and Ann Richards say that, from now to November, they're going to talk good old-fashioned ideology. They'll have lots to talk about.

Williams, from the West Texas city of Midland, is an engaging find. He made millions in, among other things, oil and a long-distance telephone company. About six of these millions he poured into his primary campaign, with notable effect. His folksiness and downhome charm are authentic; the mind and wit underlying them are first-rate. This ol' boy is nobody's fool.

Criticized for appealing to the redneck vote—known, in Texas, as the "Bubba" vote—Claytie riposted: "I am Bubba." Bubbas all over Texas responded enthusiastically. He sings cantina songs and confesses, if that is the right word in a Lone Star context, to having Engaged in Fisticuffs.

Bubba Williams's instincts are stoutly traditional and pro-free-market, but his knowledge of conservative policy and principle could stand some sharpening. What he needs most at the moment is a kitchen cabinet to help him develop an agenda for populist conservatism. Educational vouchers, for example, should be a great talking point in a state under court order to reform public education, but Claytie has received the idea tepidly.

WHAT OF those "currents" the Texas election will test, according to the *New York Times*? Ann Richards would like the campaign to be viewed as a referendum on feminism and, concurrently, abortion. Williams, sure enough, has proved that his consciousness remains largely unraised.

One drizzly morning Williams had a loose herd of reporters out to his ranch. Yes sir, Claytie said with a grin, resuscitating the old wheeze attributed to Dorothy Parker, bad weather's like rape, you might as well relax and enjoy it. The main thing the remark proved was that Williams doesn't know much about reporters. His guests rushed into print with the news that the Republican gubernatorial nominee had committed insensi-

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tivity. A four-alarm ideological fire broke out.

Bubba Williams cut his losses and apologized, but he remains number one on the feminist hit list. And his recent admission of youthful visits to prostitutes 35 years ago—"I've never claimed to be a perfect man"—is sure to keep him there.

But the feminist angle is of secondary importance in a state that once elected a woman governor—Miriam A. "Ma" Ferguson—and that entrusts women with the mayoralties of its three largest cities. The big story is the GOP's opportunity to dominate the third most populous state.

The opportunity is real, with Republicans like Senator Phil Gramm and Representative Dick Armey coming to embody Texas conservatism. The opportunity is also urgent. Texas currently has 27 seats in the House of Representatives. After the census is tabulated, the state is expected to gain

three or four seats. These will be apportioned by the state legislature.

The election of a Republican governor, coupled with gains in the legislature, would ensure the election of more Republican conservatives to the U.S. Congress. This makes the Texas gubernatorial election one of the most important in the country.

There will be rough patches. Mrs. Richards hopes to clobber Williams with charges of chauvinistic opposition to a woman's right to control her own body. In this vexed matter, Williams's position—abortions only to save the mother's life and in cases of rape and incest—makes him look less doctrinaire than Ann Richards. Polls suggest that Williams stands approximately where most Texans stand.

Whether populist conservatism is a viable reality, no Texan knows for sure. But if anybody embodies it, Clayton Williams does. He stands to teach us a lot—one way or the other. □

"absurd and unreal" in Peru, according to Vargas Llosa—how should a novelist and an agronomist-academic *not* be the leading contenders for the presidency? Rarely was there running water during the day: a highland drought had emptied the Rimac River. Rarely was there electricity during the day, so scarce are the resources that produce electricity. And rarer still was there any debate among the candidates over cocaine-trafficking or Shining Path terrorism. Perhaps Fujimori's rise should not have come as a surprise at all.

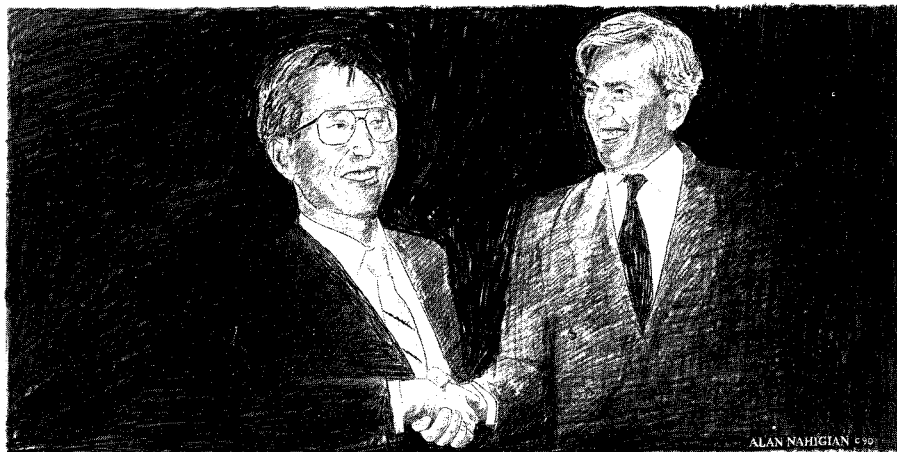
Race, class, and ideology demarcate the Peruvian political landscape. The old oligarchs were white and super-rich, but they have not been players for twenty years. Now the state rules—bureaucrats and large, state-run enterprises. Corruption and inefficiency are rampant and favor the lower-level worker, who navigates on a stratum somewhere between manageable hardship and comfort. He will probably not rise, but, because of near-universal state subsidies, he certainly will not fall into that class of desperately impoverished people who dwell in cardboard houses and sell anything, at all hours, merely to subsist. Now, the ruling APRA (American Popular Revolutionary Alliance) does pay lip service to the latter, but its constituency is the former. It has become, one observer told me, "a dogmatic sect" doing all it can to erase the distinctions between party, government, and state.

Further to the left are two Marxist parties, the Left Socialists (IS) and the United Left (IU, actually a coalition). In Peru "the Left" refers to these parties, whereas APRA would be "to the left" or "leftist." Vargas Llosa's party, the Democratic Front (Fredemo), is a coalition of his own social movement, Libertad, and two traditional parties, Popular Action (AP, former president Belaunde's party) and the Popular Christian Party (PPC). At this point, no one can precisely place Cambio 90 (Change 90), Fujimori's party, but it has much more in common with Fredemo than with any of the others.

On our U.S. ideological continuum, Belaunde would be an FDR Democrat (self-described—he was at the University of Texas in the Thirties, and FDR remains a hero to him); Vargas Llosa would be much more akin to Sam Nunn than to Jesse Helms. Indeed, he

Prolonging Peru's Solitude?

JAMES COMO



THE FIRST surprise came from the taxi driver who, at four o'clock in the morning on Thursday, April 5, was taking me from Jorge Chavez International Airport to Vista Alegre, a middle-class suburb on the other side of Lima. "Fujimori could win," said the driver. "He certainly will finish close to Mario. The second round? Who knows. But the *chinito* ["Little Chinese"—generic (but not

necessarily derogatory) term for any and all Orientals] has my vote." This man was to be the only person I would meet, either before or after the election, who declared his support for the Nisei who on Palm Sunday won some 30 per cent of the popular vote, within three points of the favorite, novelist Mario Vargas Llosa.

But this is Peru: two parts Oz, one part Kafka. When I first visited 23 years ago the dollar was at 27 soles; when I left on Holy Thursday it was at 27,000 intis (there are 1,000 soles to the inti). In such a country—and inflation is only one of many reasons to feel

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has explicitly denied being a conservative, calling himself instead a liberal of the Right whose models are Margaret Thatcher in economics and Felipe González (Spain's Socialist prime minister) in just about everything else. Alberto Fujimori suggests the need to favor small enterprise, to allow foreign investment, and to diminish the role of the state, though not by immediately privatizing the largest state conglomerates (part of Vargas Llosa's "shock treatment"), placing him, too, in the rightist ballpark. Thus one of the biggest and most pleasant surprises: less than one-third of enfranchised Peruvians chose the left wing, less than 15 per cent the Marxist Left.

ON SATURDAY I moved to the Sheraton, Fredemo headquarters. Lima was at its busiest, noisiest, and dirtiest. As the artist Fernando de Szyszlo would tell me, with economic mega-inflation *all* values have declined in Peru, and street crime—unheard of even ten years ago—is now common. Why not decentralize the population by encouraging a return to the countryside? "Because," as one wit put it, "there is no countryside." There is no national irrigation system, and less land is under cultivation than when the Incas ruled. Later, at Saturday-evening Mass, the Peruvian flag was unfurled, and the priest asked all to vote according to a fully informed conscience, "so that God would bless a tortured but never hopeless Peru."

In fact, the role of violence in Peru is overstated. In some provincial regions people do live in terror, and the Shining Path declared electoral disruption, by violence or ruined ballot, their primary short-term goal. But they failed and, by everyone's reckoning, lost big. Countrywide violence took almost twenty lives; but in Lima there was little fear and no terror. (By contrast, last May in Buenos Aires, I heard three explosions, and there was death amidst rioting in nearby towns.) The Shining Path are neither *guerrilleros* nor *terroristas* but *deprimistas*—they have psychologically and physically *depressed* the country. They're like a persistent, debilitating fever that you can't kick but that doesn't disable you either, so you learn to live with it, always aware that it just might, some day, kill.

On Sunday, polls closed at 5 P.M.

Projections based upon exit polling (historically very accurate in Peru) followed immediately. They were wrong only with respect to the 7.5-point margin of victory they initially ascribed to Vargas Llosa. The Fujimoris were interviewed almost at once, he mutedly happy and very self-possessed, she in apparent shock, a modulated Miss Universe smile fixed in place.

At his own press conference an hour later Vargas Llosa was poised and undismayed. He spoke with unfailing courtesy, patience, zest, and thoughtfulness. He looked like a winner, and as such was he cheered. Some thirty minutes into the conference Fujimori arrived and was also cheered. When they embraced, the crowd of largely domestic press broke into a loud, rapid, rumbling chant of "Peru, Peru, Peru!" The two men were very gracious and each seemed genuinely respectful of the other. Fujimori repeated that there would be no pacts, either with other parties or with respect to withdrawing so as to prevent a second round. That night both candidates remained at the Sheraton and conferred, as they did again later in the week at Vargas Llosa's home.

There followed the questions. Who was Fujimori and how had he managed such a rise? Would he—or, more stunningly, Vargas Llosa—withdraw to prevent a second round? How could Vargas Llosa possibly win, since all leftists would surely vote for Fujimori? But the most important question, in my opinion, went unasked: What had Vargas Llosa's campaign already meant?

Like their Inca ancestors, Peruvians have been fatalistic and pessimistic, and like those ancestors they almost always look to the government, to the state, or to the army to give them what they need. Vargas Llosa radically challenged these assumptions, and he has been impossibly successful. (One of his slogans is "government of the possible and the impossible.")

In 1981 he was among the earliest supporters of Solidarity when martial law was imposed in Poland, and he worked hard to rally others to the cause. In 1987 he was well ahead of what would become a global curve when he organized a rally of a hundred thousand cheering and angry citizens to oppose President Garcia's plan to nationalize all banks and insurance companies. Libertad was

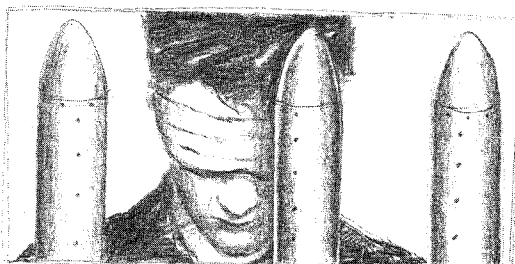
born, Garcia eventually abandoned his plan, and a genuine grassroots movement took on a life of its own. When I visited the converted parking lot that now serves as Fredemo headquarters I saw a crowd of several hundred busy people: Indians, mestizos, African-Peruvians, with not a single white face—not one—among them. They call themselves *los independientes*.

Vargas Llosa has called for international investment and for entrance into the international financial community, for a rejection of old-fashioned, corrupt political machines, for privatization, and for a "liberating" of individual human enterprise. Perhaps it was his expensive, high-profile, First World campaign that cost him support in this Third World country, for with the exception of immediate and large-scale privatization Fujimori has yet to contradict a single Fredemo plank. Perhaps Vargas Llosa was perceived as encumbered by his old-line coalition partners. Or perhaps he was hurt by the Left's calling him an atheist: Fujimori, who had significant support from Protestant evangelicals, is a practicing Roman Catholic. In any event, and no matter what Fujimori finally comes to represent, Peruvians have begun to break very old and very strong habits by voting for the novelist or (even if in the person of Mr. Fujimori) his principles.

THE PERUVIAN press missed the boat on Fujimori; and some of the foreign press were at least careless in not reporting Vargas Llosa's threats to his rich supporters, his insistent demand that women involve themselves in high-level decision-making (Libertad is run largely by women, starting with Mrs. Vargas Llosa), and his declaration that alleviating desperate poverty must be any Peruvian president's first priority.

His literary career has always seemed to me a contrivance; this campaign, though, has been a gratuitous act of dutiful patriotism. I expect he will stay the course and that he can win—although circumstances favor Fujimori, an intelligent and deliberate, but woefully untested, wizard in this Oz. In any case, radical (but not abrupt) change, in the form of real individual liberty, is looming. Vargas Llosa and his Libertad have won for Peru a vision and—maybe—a fresh, mature identity. □

HOW THEY DECEIVED THE PRESIDENT



They drew up the agenda, detailed the options, and gave the briefings. But they never told the President that searching for Iranian 'moderates' would be the biggest mistake of his Administration.

CASPAR W. WEINBERGER

This article is adapted from a chapter of Mr. Weinberger's forthcoming book, Fighting for Peace.

THE IRAN-CONTRA affair was the one serious mistake the Reagan Administration made during the seven years I served as Secretary of Defense. The President's motives were the best, and completely understandable to anyone who knew, as I did, his compassionate nature, and the revulsion he felt over Americans being held hostage by fanatical terrorists. But Mr. Reagan was badly served by some of his staff, who were unwilling to recognize their own severe limitations of intellect, knowledge, and morality.

I was not in office on November 4, 1979, when militant Iranian students seized our embassy in Teheran, kidnapping 66 Americans. My feelings about that incident were, I suppose, no stronger than those of most other Americans, but I felt strongly then and do to this day that conduct of the kind Iran exhibited during the seizure of our embassy completely disqualified it from any civilized intercourse with other nations. I feel that as long as the leadership in Iran remains as it is (and in my opinion it has not changed substantively since Ayatollah Khomeini's death), it is futile to expect that any kind of agreement with such a government would be of any value. I also thought, with some support from the intelligence community, that since 1984 most of those held hostage in the Middle East were kidnapped either by Iran directly or by its surrogates.

The plight of those hostages deeply concerned everyone in our Administration. We discussed many times the methods that might be pursued to bring them home, and each time we did, the President said, "Oh, that is what I most want to do."

However, through all such discussions, there was one underlying, unchanging thread of agreement: we must

not bargain for the release of these hostages; we must not pay ransom, or its equivalent. We also understood—or I *thought* we all did—that any negotiations with the Ayatollah and his followers would be useless, and worse: their virulent anti-Americanism made agreements impossible, and ransoming our hostages would encourage Iranian fanatics to believe that all they would ever have to do to secure what they wished was simply seize an American.

ON OCTOBER 13, 1983, William P. Clark resigned as the President's National Security Advisor to accept appointment as Secretary of the Interior. For the Defense Department that meant a major change for the worse in its relationship with the National Security Council staff. Bill Clark is one of my oldest friends, a skilled, resourceful, and highly effective attorney, later a respected judge, and one of the President's earliest, and at all times most important and most loyal, friends. He was ideal for the role of Security Advisor, ensuring that all the different viewpoints reached the President on the many matters to be decided and never wavering from his determination that he was there to serve the President and not himself. He knew that he could not serve the President if the President did not hear all viewpoints, and not simply those that coincided with some private agenda of the National Security Advisor.

Unfortunately, all of this drastically changed when Bill Clark resigned. I had pleaded with him to stay, and I am sure that if I had succeeded, the entire Iran-arms-

Mr. Weinberger, Secretary of Defense in the Reagan Administration, is now publisher of Forbes and counsel to the law firm of Rogers and Wells. © 1990 by Caspar W. Weinberger. Reprinted with permission of Warner Books.

sale/Contra-funding problem would never have happened. If anyone had proposed such a scheme when Bill was in office, he would have rejected it immediately.

His successor was Robert McFarlane. "Bud" McFarlane is a strange, indrawn, moody former Marine lieutenant colonel who had worked around the fringes of the security field, and had been part of Henry Kissinger's staff some years before. He had also worked in the State Department under Alexander Haig.

McFarlane is a man of evident limitations. He could not hide them, but he did attempt to do so by means of an enigmatic manner, featuring heavily measured, pretentious, and usually nearly impenetrable prose. He also had a great desire to be perceived as "better than Henry"—a difficult task at best. It was in pursuit of that vague agenda, I am convinced, that McFarlane, who was almost totally staff-driven, allowed some enthusiastic staff members of equally little judgment to put forth a number of proposals of their own, when they should have been giving the President the opportunity to review the different options in the whole, complex field of foreign policy and national security.

One of the first of his staff's ideas was that we should encourage Egypt, by offering it "several" (McFarlane was never sure quite how many) American supporting divisions, to invade Libya. Also, on one of his earlier trips to Lebanon as the special Lebanon negotiator, he warned Washington that "Beirut was about to fall," because he experienced one of the more or less normal shellings of that capital of anarchism. He demanded that we commit more troops and military resources, presumably to "save" Beirut. Since Beirut had long since "fallen" as far as it could go, that McFarlane cable became known among the military as "McFarlane's 'sky is falling' cable."

EARLY IN 1984, members of the National Security Council staff were becoming concerned about what might happen in Iran after Khomeini's death. On August 31, 1984, McFarlane formally requested "an interagency analysis of American relations with Iran after Khomeini." Completed in October of that year, this study correctly reported that the United States could do little to establish any influential contacts within the Iranian government in view of the kind of people that led Iran.

The NSC staff members and Mr. McFarlane did not accept that conclusion. It is the habit of government officials with their own agendas that if they do not get

the answer they want on the first try, they try again. In this instance they took the tack of "updating," paraphrasing, and rephrasing intelligence estimates for the President, to demonstrate that the Soviet Union—but not the United States—was prepared to take advantage of any chaos that might develop in Iran.

In any event, on June 17, 1985, McFarlane transmitted a draft National Security Decision Directive (NSDD) to Secretary of State George Shultz and to me. A number of well-known points were made about the

strategic importance of Iran, and then the NSDD discussed the desirability of opening a "dialogue" and making an effort to re-establish a good working relationship with Teheran—even to the extent of giving Iran arms. Here is the key option from that NSDD:

Encourage Western allies and friends to help Iran meet its import requirements so as to reduce the attractiveness of Soviet assistance and trade offers, while demonstrating the value of correct relations with the West. This includes provi-

sion of selected military equipment as determined on a case-by-case basis.

(The irony here is that McFarlane and his associates did not even adhere to the "case-by-case basis" once we began shipping arms. No hostages were returned after the first shipment; yet the NSC staff plunged ahead despite an explicit promise to put an end to the initiative if no hostages came out.)

I felt that this was one of the more absurd proposals yet circulated, and so noted in the margin of my copy, adding that this would be similar to "asking Qaddafi over for a cozy lunch." In my formal reply, I said:

Under no circumstances should we now ease our restrictions on arms sales to Iran. [Such a] policy reversal would be seen as inexplicably inconsistent by those nations whom we have urged to refrain from such sales, and would likely lead to increased arms sales by them and a possible alteration of the strategic balance in favor of Iran while Khomeini is still the controlling influence.

George Shultz also objected:

The draft NSDD appears to exaggerate current anti-regime sentiment and Soviet advantages over us in gaining influence. Most importantly, its proposal that we permit or encourage a flow of Western arms to Iran is contrary to our interest both in containing Khomeinism and in ending the excesses of this regime.

Nothing more was heard about the matter for several months, and in the press of other business, which continued at its normal pace of 16 to 18 hours a day, I paid no further attention to McFarlane's suggestions that



somewhere in the middle of Teheran there was a kinder, gentler Iran.

I DID NOT know then (and I doubt that very many others knew) that the entire McFarlane initiative had arisen from meetings he had been holding with various representatives of Israel, with whom some Iranians were in close contact. The Israelis were trying to secure American participation in a complex scheme to satisfy Iran's great need for equipment for its enfeebled military. In return, the Israelis told McFarlane, the Iranians would *consider* freeing some of the hostages they had kidnapped many months, and in some cases years, before.

Israel had long had a running and well-understood feud with Iraq, but it also had a close secret association with Iran. The real consideration to Israel for its help in securing United States arms for Iran was to be protection for both the Israelis and the Iranian Jews living in Iran. In addition to spare parts, Iran wanted anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons, specifically our TOW and Hawk missile systems, in order to counter Iraq's superiority in armor and air strength.

I learned *much* later that beginning in January 1985, and before McFarlane's efforts to "update" the intelligence estimates concerning Iran, Iranian and Israeli arms dealers had been meeting and discussing whether they could promote either direct arms sales from the United States to Iran or sales from Israel's substantial stocks of American weapons.

In short, McFarlane took the bait and willingly went along with this Israeli-Iranian plot. In early May, he employed a consultant, Michael Ledeen, to meet with Israeli leaders, and in June Israeli government officials met with McFarlane at the White House to talk about a possible "dialogue" between the United States and Iran.

McFarlane later "recalled" that he had briefed the President about his meeting with David Kimche, the Israeli representative, but then he also "recalled" briefing Secretary Shultz and me on July 13. His recollection here exceeds mine, as it did on many other points. I recall no such meeting. July 13 was the Saturday the President was operated on for abdominal cancer; I was going over office papers in the garden at our home in McLean, Virginia, and not being briefed by McFarlane.

To the best of my knowledge, McFarlane kept these matters as secret as possible, talking only about the possible advantages of a new working relationship with Iran—when, that is, he discussed his initiatives at all. In any event, he certainly did not refer to the discussions he had had with Kimche or others in the memorandum he circulated later that summer wherein he ar-

gued that we should encourage Western allies and friends to help Iran, including "provision of selected military equipment."

As I said before, my memorandum of July 16, 1985, objected sharply to the entire proposal, as did the memorandum circulated by Secretary Shultz.

Since Secretary Shultz and I heard nothing more about it, we assumed that the whole proposal had died. But McFarlane continued his secret negotiations with Israeli and Iranian arms dealers, including one of the most unreliable and untrustworthy people on the international scene, Manucher Ghorbanifar.

The story gets cloudier thereafter. McFarlane claims he cabled a proposal, on July 14, 1985, to Secretary Shultz (but not to me) about allowing a hundred of our TOW missiles to go to Iran from Israel, in return for which seven of the Americans held would be released. The Tower Commission report says Shultz replied at first "with a tentative show of interest without commitment." Knowing George's thoughts on the matter, I strongly doubt that he exhibited *favorable* interest.

McFarlane later claimed he had met with the President on that proposal at the time. The President could not recall any such meeting. That seems to me entirely reasonable: even if McFarlane did raise this subject, it would have been when Mr. Reagan was in the weakened condition familiar to anyone who has had major surgery.

In any case, McFarlane would not let the matter die, and on August 2 he again met at the White House with David Kimche. According to the subsequent investigations, Kimche kept proposing that the hundred TOW missiles should go to Iran, without anything in return, as a means of "establishing good faith." No one explained why it was so important to show the Iranians good faith, since they had played an important role in the seizure and holding of seven American citizens and other innocent persons of other nationalities.

I knew nothing of Kimche's proposals, but I recall a meeting in the White House on August 6 with the President (still in his hospital bathrobe), Shultz, McFarlane, Don Regan, and either Bill Casey or John McMahon, his deputy. The question of arms deals came up again and again. Secretary Shultz and I argued as forcefully as possible against the whole idea, explaining how it would completely violate our accepted policy of not ransoming hostages. I made the further point that there was nothing to indicate any change in the virulently anti-Western, anti-American attitude of those in charge in Iran, and that we would never be able to explain ourselves to our friends and allies—with whom we had been pleading to honor our arms boycott—if it were to become known that *we* were supplying arms to Iran. And by implicating the President in a secret deal, we risked having future Administration policy subjected to the equivalent of *blackmail* by anyone who knew. It seemed clear to me, although the President did not so state then and there, that he agreed with me. (I was often asked by reporters during the 1988 presidential campaign, "What was the role of Vice President Bush?"



He was present at some of the meetings I attended, but was called out frequently to take phone calls. He rarely offered the President opinion-based advice in those meetings, preferring, as I understood it, to discuss matters with him when the two were alone.)

Nonetheless, McFarlane apparently advised the Israelis that it was all right for them to sell American weapons to the Iranians, and that we would resupply the Israelis; this because we "hoped we could get some hostages out." Subsequent investigations have made it clear that, in Don Regan's words, the President was "upset at this news." McFarlane would later say that the Israelis had "taken it upon themselves to do this."

The President wrote to the Tower Commission that he could recall nothing "whatsoever about whether I approved an Israeli sale in advance, or whether I approved replenishing of Israeli stocks around August of 1985. My answer therefore, and the simple truth, is, 'I don't remember—period.'" I believe the President. He never approved any such plan in my presence, and I do not believe he ever did.

On September 15, 1985, Reverend Benjamin Weir was released by his captors. I later learned that Israel had delivered 408 TOWs to Iran on September 14. The release of *all* the remaining hostages, predicted by McFarlane, of course did not occur. Nor was any certain connection established between Israel's delivery of arms to Iran and Weir's release.

THE FIRST I ever heard that American representatives had been involved in Israeli-Iranian discussions was from some puzzling cable traffic reported to me in the course of my normal briefings. When I inquired about the meaning of some oddly phrased messages, I was told by our intelligence agencies that they had made a mistake: they had received instructions *not to let me see* any of those messages.

I had to remind them as forcefully as possible that the National Security Agency is part of the Department of Defense and that no one had the authority to give instructions not to let me see such messages. They replied that their instructions had come from "the White House." I reminded them that *buildings* do not give instructions; that they reported to me; that henceforth they would report to me *all* traffic of any kind, as well as *any* instructions they received not to let me see something; and, finally, that future attempts to keep us from access to all intelligence would result in a change in the employment status of all who took part.

As a result of my finding those cables, which I came upon quite by accident, I demanded the meetings that were held by the President in the late fall of 1985—long after I thought the entire Iran proposal had been killed.

On November 30, McFarlane resigned. He never made clear why. Most reports said he was "frustrated" and "tired." I later learned that on that same day Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North of the NSC staff proposed a new "arms-for-hostages" deal to McFarlane's successor, Admiral John Poindexter. When this proposal was considered by the President on December 7, George

Shultz and I again opposed the plan in the strongest possible terms.

To my unhappiness, Mr. McFarlane (although he had resigned) had now decided to go to London to deliver a message to the Iranians, including the notorious Ghorbanifar. George Shultz and I left that December 7 meeting convinced that the trip had been blocked. Indeed, I told Assistant Secretary of Defense Rich Armitage that "the baby [McFarlane's plan] has been strangled in its cradle." But McFarlane, and apparently Admiral Poindexter, decided McFarlane could go.

We do not know what McFarlane actually told the Iranians. He "debriefed" some of the December 7 attendees on December 10, but I always felt that his "debriefings" were imaginary reports on what he wanted his auditors to hear.

On December 9, Lieutenant Colonel North submitted a memorandum to Admiral Poindexter proposing *direct* United States deliveries to Iran in exchange for release of the hostages.

WHEN PEOPLE ask how this whole activity could have developed in the face of the opposition of the Secretaries of State and Defense, the answer seems to me simple and most unfortunate. People with hourly access to the President, such as McFarlane, could phrase things in the most favorable terms, report to the President all manner of "hopeful indications," and generally lead a busy President, occupied with many other things, including preparations for the Geneva meeting with Gorbachev, to believe that "progress" was being made, and that ultimately our hostages would be released.

The next step was easy, although very nearly politically fatal to the President: at some stage, someone hatched a plan to "overcharge" the Iranians and turn over some of the proceeds to the Nicaraguan Contras, whose funding Congress had sporadically denied. It seemed like a "neat idea" to Ollie North and some other NSC staff members. (North later testified that Ghorbanifar had made the suggestion in a men's room in either Frankfurt or London.) They knew of the President's strong desire that the Contras be funded, and they regarded their scheme as a way to support the freedom-fighters without troubling about congressional reticence—or about the legality of the action—and without bothering to tell the President or anyone else about it. I first heard of it on November 21, 1986, the fateful day the President dismissed North and Poindexter.

The Contras should have been funded, but there is only one way to secure legal spending by our government, and that is by vote of Congress.

In any event, on January 7, 1986, Secretary Shultz



and I again argued against the very idea of letting Iran have any arms regardless of how convoluted the plan was. Nonetheless, the President gave me the impression that he had approved the idea. It was later shown that, either that day or the day before, he had signed a draft "intelligence finding" authorizing the transaction. I never saw the signed draft.

After the whole matter was disclosed to the public, I was told that the President had signed a later, revised copy of the order on January 17. On that day Admiral Poindexter told me that the President had approved an arrangement under which the Department of Defense was to sell four thousand TOWs to the CIA, and the CIA would then transfer them to Iran. Neither Secretary Shultz nor I, nor even Don Regan, saw the final, January 17 finding until it was revealed publicly; it supposedly authorized the transaction and, in effect, provided for the NSC to be the manager of the whole activity.

When I was told that the President had approved the



sale, I insisted that any weapons transferred from the Department of Defense go to the CIA only under the terms of the Economy Act. I reminded everyone that direct transfer from the Defense Department to Iran would violate the

Arms Export Control Act, and said that I would refuse to allow such a transfer. I must record here that I hoped this added objection would slow down or possibly even stop the sale.

Mr. McFarlane continued to be used for "consultation" by the new National Security Advisor. As late as May 15, 1986, McFarlane was still planning his "secret mission to Iran," and this was all carried on without my knowledge. Indeed, on May 17 Colonel North strongly urged Admiral Poindexter to include Secretary Shultz and me in a meeting with the President to review McFarlane's proposed trip, but the admiral responded in a written memorandum: "I don't want a meeting with the President, Shultz, and Weinberger."

McFarlane arrived in Iran on May 25 in a plane carrying more Hawk spare parts. Nothing happened with respect to release of the hostages, but the Hawk spare parts were nevertheless released by McFarlane and removed from the aircraft. Three more American hostages were kidnapped in September and October of 1986; and while Father Lawrence Jenko had been freed in July, it was in no way clear (contrary to Admiral Poindexter's claim while briefing the President) that this had any connection with any of the shadowy figures with whom McFarlane had been dealing.

It was during that trip to Iran that U.S. policy attained a depth of absurdity rarely seen. That was when North presented the Iranians with a Bible, saying:

We inside our government had an enormous debate, a very angry debate inside our government over whether or not my President should authorize me to say "We accept the Islamic Revolution of Iran as a fact. . . ." He [the President] went off one whole weekend and prayed about what the answer should be and he came back . . . with that passage I gave you [written] in [the] front of the Bible . . . And he said to me, "This is a promise that God gave to Abraham. Who am I to say that we should not do this?"

In fact, the President had been persuaded to sign the Bible by Admiral Poindexter, who told him it would help him get through to the Iranians.

Even worse, McFarlane and/or his staff, without the slightest authority or agreement by the President, gave the Iranians *military intelligence* concerning Iraqi defensive dispositions at the exact time when it was becoming increasingly clear that we should be tilting toward Iraq rather than doing anything to support the barbaric and fanatical government of Iran. Some of that intelligence was deadly accurate, and helped the Iranians inflict additional losses on Iraq.

On November 2, 1986, another hostage, David Jacobsen, was released. On November 3, the story of the McFarlane mission came out in a pro-Syrian magazine in Beirut, and on November 4, the Speaker of the Iranian Parliament, Hashemi Rafsanjani (the same Rafsanjani who was frequently cited by McFarlane as "friendly to the U.S." and an Iranian "moderate"), publicly acknowledged and denounced the mission, and once again called the United States "the Great Satan."

THE NEAR-TRAGIC result of the entire affair was that, for the first time, a sizable majority of the public lost faith in the President and said they did not believe his explanations. It took many months, indeed over a year, for the public to regain its confidence in the President.

The President was characteristically selfless and exhibited great political and personal courage in admitting publicly that he had made a mistake. He agreed that it was not possible to negotiate or do business with the Iranians, and that the advice he had been given by McFarlane and others was not only wrong but dangerously wrong. I think that the President, because of his innate loyalty toward people who worked with him, was far milder in his statements than he actually felt.

In the end, however, the President fortunately emerged from this whole episode undiminished after an extremely unhappy period of seven months. He regained the trust and faith that the American people had always had in him, and he finished his second term with his popularity higher than it had ever been. America again is in a position in which we have achieved and earned substantial respect from our allies, our friends, and our opponents. It is in many ways the most remarkable tribute of all those rightly accorded Mr. Reagan that the American people in overwhelming numbers kept such deep respect and affection for him. And it is a happy thing for America that he served as our President for eight critical years. □

FOUR STEPS TO FREEDOM



The transition to freedom in Eastern Europe will not be easy. And the first step is to avoid choosing the wrong models—i.e., the prosperous, welfarist countries of the West.

MILTON FRIEDMAN

THE POLITICAL revolutions in Eastern Europe have raised in an acute form questions about the relation among four different sorts of freedom (civil, personal, economic, and political) that have troubled economists, political scientists, and philosophers for centuries.

It is a historical fact that 1) free and prosperous societies have been rare in world history, very much the exception; 2) all such exceptional societies have organized the bulk of their economic activities through free private markets—competitive private capitalism; 3) the converse is not true: not all societies that have organized the bulk of their activities through free private markets have enjoyed civil, personal, and political freedom (Classical Greece and the pre-Civil War U.S. with their slaves are ancient examples; Portugal under Salazar and Chile under Pinochet are more recent examples); 4) political freedom is neither necessary nor sufficient for economic, civil, and personal freedom (re necessary, Hong Kong has been one of the freest societies in the world in these respects, yet it has had no political freedom: it has been ruled by Britain; re sufficient, India has had a large measure of political freedom, yet it has little economic freedom and only limited civil and personal freedom); 5) political freedom

has often led to the limitation and destruction of economic and civil freedom and to its own demise (the former British colonies “liberated” after World War II are striking examples).

These historical facts make it evident that economic, civil, personal, and political freedoms are not the mutually reinforcing quartet that would so neatly satisfy the value most of us attach to all four components.

A full discussion of the complex relation among the several freedoms—and of their connection with economic prosperity—is the subject for a treatise. At the moment, the vital issue is the implications of the political upheaval in Eastern Europe.

The collapse of totalitarian governments has produced understandable rejoicing in all the countries involved and in the Western world as a whole. But that collapse has also raised unreasonable expectations of economic improvement as a prompt result of the political change. Those expectations are bound to be frustrated, endangering the new and fragile political structures.

Some authoritarian societies have moved fairly rapidly toward economic and civil freedom—most recently, Spain after Franco and Chile after Pinochet. But so far no totalitarian society has achieved a large degree of economic and civil freedom. When I was in China over a year ago, I had high hopes that it might prove the first.

Tiananmen Square shattered that hope. Will Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, or Rumania provide the first example? (I omit East Germany because its prospective unification with West Germany makes it a special case.)

Making a Start

THE TRANSITION to freedom cannot be accomplished overnight. The formerly totalitarian societies have developed institutions, public attitudes, and vested interests that are wholly antithetical to the rapid creation of the basic economic requisites for freedom and prosperity.

These requisites are easy to state, but far from easy to achieve.

1. First and most important: The bulk of wealth (including means of production) must be privately owned in the fullest sense, so that the private owner has wide discretion in its use and can transfer it to other private individuals or groups of private individuals on mutually agreeable terms. This condition implicitly includes the right of any individual to exchange any services or products with others on any terms that are mutually agreeable: i.e., no control over wages or prices, including foreign-exchange rates; no restrictions on imports or exports.

This stark statement conceals many

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complexities in the words "bulk" and "privately owned." "Private property" cannot be defined *a priori* because of possible conflicts between the rights of different individuals; and it cannot be complete, because of the necessity of financing and carrying out essential government functions such as defense. Nonetheless, it states the most important single condition for achieving freedom and prosperity.

2. Security of private property is implicit in the first condition. If governments can and frequently do expropriate property, property owners will have no incentive to take a long view—to preserve their property and enhance its economic value.

3. In order for private property to be secure, government must be narrowly limited to its essential functions of

maintaining law and order, including enforcing private contracts; of providing a judicial system to adjudicate differences in the interpretation of contracts and to assure that laws against theft, murder, and the like are applied justly; of establishing the rules of the game, including the definition of private property.

4. I list a relatively stable monetary system as a separate item rather than as part of item 3 for two reasons: a) As a theoretical matter, a stable money can exist without governmental involvement (other than to enforce private contracts). That was largely the case when gold or silver or some other commodity was the base of the monetary system. b) As a practical matter, the major immediate threat to successful reform in most of the countries

in question is inflation and the danger of hyperinflation. So monetary reform is a particularly urgent task.

No advanced Western society possesses these requisites in anything like full measure, though all possessed them in far greater measure when they achieved rapid growth and attained prosperity. I would contend that if they had then departed from the ideal as much as they do now, they would not today be "advanced." The countries seeking to imitate the success of the West will make a great mistake if they pattern their policies on the current situation in the West rather than on what the situation was when the Western countries were at the stage the Eastern European countries are at now. Only our attained wealth enables us to support such

POLAND'S ROAD FROM SOCIALISM

WARSZAWA—We always knew the road from socialism was going to be thorny and hard. The political revolutions of 1989 have given the new elites no more than the means—state power—to achieving their real ends: security, democracy, and prosperity for their long-suffering nations. Only the most wide-eyed optimists could have expected that arcadia would ensue the moment the Communist hacks were ditched. Instead, erstwhile dissidents have inherited countries whose natural wealth and institutions have been run into the ground.

Under the circumstances, the Poles are doing rather well, and, so far, Finance Minister Leszek Balcerowicz's recovery program is on track. Inflation was down to 4.7 per cent in March (compared to 80 per cent in December), the *zloty* exchange rate is steady, lines have disappeared at shops, and for the first time in years Polish housewives have some choice in what they can buy.

Today, even former *nomenklatura* bosses decry the evils of the command economy and praise the virtues of privatization. Indeed, they are often the most ardent advocates of a speedy transformation. There is a reason. As anyone who tries to rent an apartment or start a business in Budapest or Warsaw will quickly realize, former Communist bosses may

have been bad bosses but they are astonishingly agile at looking after themselves. For example, being in possession of houses and apartments in the choicest neighborhoods, they have been the first to benefit from the influx of foreigners and the attendant increase in rents. As managers of state enterprises, which can form companies with private and foreign capital, they still have the power to dispose of vast assets. In Poland the process whereby the former *nomenklatura* bosses are becoming de facto owners of the enterprises they had helped to bring to the brink of ruin is known as *uwłaszczenie nomenklatury* (*uwłaszczenie* being the term used for the nineteenth-century program of liberating serfs and granting them the plots they had tilled).

Even under employee share-ownership schemes, advocated by the more radical elements in both Hungary and Poland, the former Communists gain the most. Ordinary workers hardly have the money to make ends meet, let alone savings to risk on strange ventures. The only people with the cash to invest in cut-price employee stocks are the managers.

But nobody (not even the managers) knows which, if any, of the six thousand Polish state companies are profitable, because current (Communist) accounting procedures are sim-

ply not geared to keeping this kind of record. And what entrepreneur in his right mind would take on the burden of trying to unravel forty years of mismanagement when a new government, supposedly pro-capitalist and pro-enterprise, has just imposed a turnover tax of 40 per cent and a national insurance contribution of 45 per cent?

There is also the question of what to do about claims of the owners of some of the enterprises the Communists took over, often illegally, when they consolidated their grip after the War. "How can the state sell what does not belong to it in the first place?" protests the Society of Polish Industrialists, which includes the dispossessed owners of some of Poland's biggest factories. "Will foreign investors have any faith in Poland if private property is so manifestly disrespected?" asked Jerzy Grohman of Scheiber & Grohman, formerly the largest weaving company in Europe. The Society meets over tea and cookies in his apartment, an average Polish apartment—except for its priceless furniture. "We have nothing to apologize for. My father built four schools and a hospital with eight hundred beds for his 12,000 workers. They still stand, although in much worse shape than before the war."

The Society, which also includes men such as Jan Zamoyski, of the

wasteful, overblown government sectors. Hong Kong is a far better model for these than the U.S., Great Britain, or Sweden.

None of these requisites is easy to achieve. The one thing that is common to all of them is a drastic reduction in the size and role of the government. Such a reduction threatens almost every powerful vested interest in the current society. Indeed, it will be attainable, I believe, only under conditions of extreme crisis and only if done rapidly. Macbeth's words about the assassination of Duncan, "if it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," are equally applicable to the assassination of a totalitarian government.

A detailed blueprint specifying how to achieve these requisites is not possi-

ble. The specific details will depend on the circumstances of the separate countries, which differ widely with respect to economic arrangements, public attitudes, social structure, and political conditions. But a number of general remarks are possible.

1. With respect to the first requisite—widespread private property—some parts of the transfer of government-owned property to private individuals can be done readily: for example, the transfer by sale of current government-owned housing units to those existing tenants willing to buy them (for cash or credit) at a price that corresponds to a reasonable capitalization of a private market rental (the qualification is necessary because present rents are often nominal). A similar process is possible for rela-

tively small enterprises: government-owned retail and service shops, small manufacturing enterprises, and the like. The most difficult problem is raised by larger-scale enterprises—steel mills, automobile plants, shipyards, coal mines, railroads, and so on [see box]. One much-bruited solution must be avoided: selling the enterprises at bargain-basement prices to foreigners. That is equally true of another proposed solution: transferring plants to their employees. The property has been accumulated at the expense of all the citizens; no favored group should get something for nothing. Liabilities as well as assets should be transferred to private individuals—not transferring assets to individuals while leaving liabilities to the government.

Zamoyski estates, Konrad Lorenz, of the Lorenz & Hanke breweries, and Karol Szlenkier of Szlenkier & Gottlieb tanneries, argues that under the terms of the 1946 nationalization, they should have been paid compensation—which never materialized. "If the Polish state has no money now," Mr. Grohman argues, "let it give us shares in Polish industry. We respect the Mazowiecki government because they know that privatization will make or break Poland's transformation programs, but their hearts are not in it. They don't know what it means to own something. It will take a generation to exorcise the fear that the Communists have implanted—that of a cigar-smoking capitalist exploiter."

In merely economic terms the dilemma of Eastern Europe is somewhat akin to what Britain faced in 1979: an overgrown and inefficient state sector. The new governments share some Thatcherite ideals—privatization is to be a means of social engineering as well as of increasing efficiency. Its aim is to create a prosperous middle class with a stake in the free-market system: a share-owning democracy. The difference is that whereas Britain has privatized 5 percent of its manufacturing capacity over ten years, in a free-market environment with efficient capital and money markets, Poles and Hungari-

ans want to let go of most state industries in a matter of months.

If the people have no money to buy shares and are not used to taking financial risks, then give the stuff away, says Professor Winiecki from the Catholic University of Lublin. Under his scheme Poland's six thousand companies would move to the private sector without money changing hands. Each citizen would receive a certificate entitling him to buy shares in the company of his choosing. The shares would be auctioned, so that the more popular enterprises would attract higher prices—hence the individual would get fewer of them for his certificate. In the second stage, the shares would be traded for money. Thus capital would flow away from unsuccessful enterprises into the accounts of promising ones. The state would gain because, instead of drawing subsidies, the privatized enterprises would soon start paying taxes. The citizens would obtain part of the wealth of the country that they have for so long been told was theirs. Those who backed winners would grow rich.

Unfortunately, Professor Winiecki's plan has little chance of being put into practice, largely because Poland's sclerotic banking system could not cope with a task this big. Instead, the government is toying with

a plan under which shares in each company will be auctioned off. Because of the shortage of capital in Poland, this means companies will be seriously undervalued—thus giving long-term investors the promise of a healthy return. The state will maximize its gain by holding on to a substantial proportion of the stocks, to be sold later when they increase in value under private management.

WHICHEVER version of the privatization program is accepted, the short-term winners will not be those who have been paying for Communist mismanagement for years but those who have done well by the system. Privatization is bound to create some spectacular fortunes and to make little immediate difference to the majority who are already paying for the austerity program with high prices, low wages, unemployment, and drastically reduced social benefits. So far, the Polish government has tackled all obstacles in the spirit of a cavalry charge. But, having defeated hyperinflation, commercialized credit, and made the *zloty* convertible, all within a few weeks, Poland is now moving into the phase in which Argentina and Brazil have always failed. The patient has swallowed the medicine, but the wait for the cure seems interminable.

—RADEK SIKORSKI

Foreigners should be free to invest and engage in economic activity on the same terms as private citizens; no specially favorable conditions should be granted to them.

2. With respect to security of private property, it can only be attained over a long period as a middle class grows up that is independent of the government and can provide a climate of respect for private property and ownership.

3. With respect to a stable monetary system and, indirectly, the free-price system required to make private property meaningful, two steps are essential: first, a sharp reduction in government spending so that the government is not forced to print money to finance its expenditures; second, a prompt elimination of all controls over foreign-exchange transactions and the prices of foreign currencies. "Convertibility" can and should be achieved overnight simply by removing all restrictions on the terms on which individuals can exchange domestic currency for foreign currencies. Governmentally fixed exchange rates are, in my opinion, the most pernicious of all price controls, inevitably generating other internal price controls and assuring widespread corruption. The truth about the real value of the country's currency will hurt—but also be curative.

Even though many required measures can and should be taken quickly, the transition to a stable and prosperous competitive capitalist society will inevitably take years, not months. It will require patience on the part of the populace and faith that matters are moving in the right direction. Inevitably, some people and groups will suffer in the process. However, the talk about "the enormous costs of moving to a free-market economy" is much too gloomy. There is no reason why total output cannot start expanding rapidly almost immediately after the totalitarian restrictions on people's activities are removed. That certainly was the case in the agricultural sector of China after the major reforms of the late 1970s. Removing the controls on wages, prices, and exchange rates, and eliminating the compulsory allocations of labor, could produce the same results in Eastern Europe.



"Jaroslav, you're missing the point of our overthrow of the Communist Party."

One final note: the widespread talk of the need for major financial assistance from Western governments to the emerging democratic governments of Eastern Europe is, in my opinion, not only wrong but dangerous. Such aid

would do far more harm than good (as most foreign aid has done in the past). It would retard the transition, not speed it up. The transition requires above all reducing the size and scope of government so that the private sector can expand and take over basic productive and other activities. Aid to governments strengthens them, and encourages them to continue their counterproductive interventions in the economy and to postpone taking the necessary steps toward a free and viable economy.

The unprecedented political upheavals that believers in human freedom have welcomed with so much joy can be the prelude to comparable economic miracles, but that is far from inevitable. They can equally be the prelude to a continuation of collectivism under a different set of rulers. Everything depends on the political will of the people, the economic understanding of their leaders, and the ability of those leaders to persuade the public to support the radical measures that are necessary. □

BLACK NON-STUDIES

THE USES OF HISTORY

AMANDA LEE BROOKS

I FEEL THE need of the help of friends": this quotation is from the April 24, 1812, journal entry of Captain Paul Cuffe, a black New England sea captain. He called for aid from a white group composed primarily of former slave traders when his ship, *Traveler*, was seized by the U.S. customs collector upon his return to the U.S. after an African voyage. While I have not been able to prove unequivocally that the captain himself was a slaver, his friends—blacks as well as whites—certainly were. And Captain Cuffe had earlier been intercepted by Captain Tildwell of the British Anti-Slavery Squadron off the

coast of West Africa on suspicion that he was an agent of slave traders, although Tildwell had had to let him go for lack of evidence. The prime witness was a ten-year-old African boy taken by Cuffe as an "apprentice."

The involvement of whites in the slave trade is well known, but the role of blacks is one of the best-kept secrets in academia. The comforting cultural myth is that of the white-run slaving vessel floating off the coast of some tropical paradise, waiting for a quiet moment when boats could be lowered over the side, and sailors could roam the beaches to kidnap unlucky blacks. Undoubtedly this did happen many times, especially along the middle West African coast (e.g., Senegal), but as one goes further south and east, one reaches the powerful forest king-

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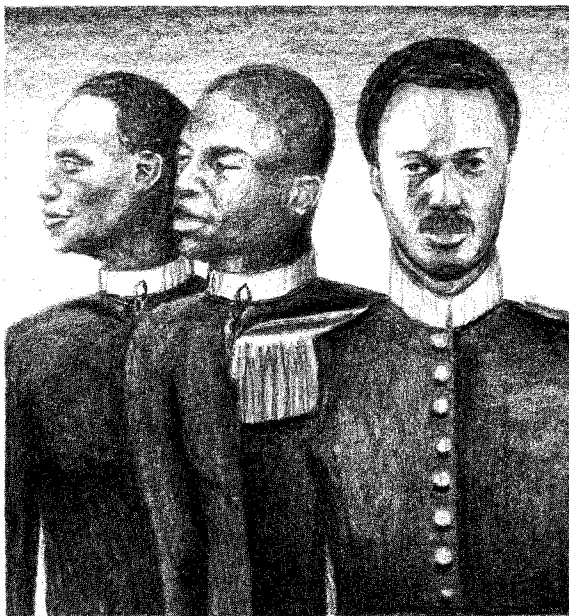
I BEGAN my research quite unwittingly, enticed by one of those rare and golden "finds" legendary in scholarship. Several years ago, I was given a photocopy of Mr. Cuffe Slocum's will, dated June 1772. This is probably one of the earliest black wills on record in this country. Mr. Slocum, an ex-slave, was the father of Captain Paul Cuffe. His five-page will had been found in the basement of the probate court in Taunton, Massachusetts. Looking at the small, childlike handwriting of a long-dead black man who had been born into a distant and exotic culture, reading of his two farms—one, in Rhode Island, described as a "plantation"—I wondered how an ex-slave had gathered enough possessions to fill so lengthy a document.

As with the son, I was never able to prove beyond a doubt that Mr. Cuffe Slocum had engaged in slave trading along with his master's family, the Slocums, but he had obviously served them well enough to have been taught to write and given his freedom. I documented the voyages of Captain Charles Slocum, a relative of Cuffe Slocum's master, and his multiracial crew on the Sierra Leone River in West Africa. I followed the captain's haggling with his black trading partner, Mr. Laurence. It was Mr. Laurence who was delegated to gather the human cargo. Slocum remained on his ship, which was anchored safely offshore. I was to read of this trading pattern—whites on the ship, blacks ashore transacting the actual business—numerous times.

The name "Cuffe" is an Akan (Gold Coast) African name derived from "Kofi," the name given to a boy born on Friday. Further research revealed that Gold Coast blacks were the aristocrats of New England blacks. They were assiduously sought by New England merchants and by South Carolina and West Indies planters, who often put them in positions of authority. Knowledgeable whites realized that Gold Coast blacks came from ancient and advanced civilizations that had cultivated cotton and rice, worked in iron, and traded in gold. Hence, such

people were valuable to both plantation and commercial economies. Gold Coast blacks living near rivers or the ocean were also skillful canoemen who could be easily trained for use on overseas voyages. Very significantly, such blacks had come from well-developed hierarchical societies in which black-on-black slavery was deeply entrenched and accepted. Investigation of sources such as the National Ships Registry revealed that the higher the positions of blacks on New England vessels (e.g., first mate), the more likely the ship was to have been engaged in slave trading.

Blacks began their ownership of



other blacks in New England as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. At least one of my doctoral advisors frowned on hearing this and stated that such slave-owning blacks had probably purchased relatives in order to free them. However, records indicate kinship between black master and black slave in only a small number of cases. While the revenge factor was certainly present in some cases ("You enslaved my parents and/or me, so I see nothing wrong in enslaving you"), the main motive for black slave traders and owners seems to have been the same as for white traders and owners: the hard-nosed Yankee search for profit.

The signposts were unmistakable in the case of Mrs. Betsy Walker. This beautiful young unmixed black woman and her husband were slaves in one of the Southern colonies. During the Revolutionary War, they sided with the British, as did most North Ameri-

can slaves, because the British offered freedom to any black who joined them. After the war, Mrs. Walker (by now a widow) and other blacks were evacuated first to Nova Scotia, then to their ancestral homeland. Back home in Africa, Mrs. Walker took up with Mr. James Carr, an English official of the Sierra Leone colony. The two embarked on a romantic and business relationship that lasted until Mrs. Walker's death 27 years later. They became two of the most successful slave traders on the West African coast. Known by her African name, Fu-seng Be, Mrs. Walker is mentioned in various anti-slavery records. And none other than our Captain Paul Cuffe was the honored guest of Mrs. Walker and Mr. Carr on his trip to Sierra Leone in 1812.

My research into Captain Cuffe caused concern among black leaders because the captain had been canonized as a black hero, with schools in black areas throughout the country named after him. He was the black Horatio Alger, a self-made man. Mrs. Walker was well on her way to becoming a heroine in the "strong black woman" cultural tradition, and so my research into her life caused not only liberal but feminist concern.

There were probably thousands of Mrs. Walkers: black African and American women who did not view slavery in the same way that it is viewed today. Nonetheless, my "revisionist" studies were regarded as reactionary dabbings devised to undercut black role models.

As a result of the concerns about my research, my trip to New England to secure the copy of the Cuffe Slocum will had to be financed by my own resources, even though I was a doctoral student in an extremely well-funded university—the University of Chicago—that prides itself on its ability to fund "worthy" students. All four of my African journeys were financed from private sources—family, sympathetic supporters, State of Illinois Arts Council grants, and a very small amount of royalties.

Friends, fellow scholars, and even academic advisors began to voice some feelings about my "neglect" of what they considered to be the "real" focus of my research. My chief advisor told me loftily that he felt my proper role

was to bolster the image of the son of an ex-slave as a black-nationalistic force in American history. I retorted that I could find nothing "nationalistic" about Captain Cuffe in the modern sense of the word. When the captain referred to the "black nation," he meant the uniting of various African subethnic groups such as Akan, Ibo, Yoruba, Mandinka, Kikongo, and others, newly brought to this country. He meant teaching them to read and write so that they might more efficiently trade. (My advisor, who was not born in this country but nevertheless regarded himself by virtue of being a Marxist as an expert in black American concerns, had never heard of Captain Paul Cuffe until I presented him as a dissertation topic.)

The Trade in Men

SITTING in the un-airconditioned library of the University of Ibadan in Nigeria one hundred-degree afternoon in the summer of 1978, I experienced the same feeling that I would have when I touched the copy of Cuffe Slocum's will. I was poring over microfilms of Roman Catholic mission records. Father Broghero had written in French about the slave-trading activities of a black woman known as Madam Tinubu. I immediately thought of Tinubu Square in Lagos, named for a nineteenth-century black woman nationalist who purportedly had sought to drive out the British.

It was indeed the name Madam Tinubu, a Yoruba woman whose own town of Owu had been destroyed and many of its inhabitants killed or enslaved (including at least two of her own brothers). As a teenager, Yemisi Tinubu made her living selling maize porridge to European sailing ships. A likable and attractive young woman, she ingratiated herself with both slavers and anti-slavers. The Portuguese gave her tobacco to trade, but she knew what the big trade item was: men for the slave cargoes bound for the New World.

My further research revealed the presence of a substantial slave-trading network controlled by black marketwomen on the West African coast. In traditional West African societies, men farmed and women traded. Madam Tinubu earned the traditional Yoruba title *iyalode*, mother of the

market, for her prowess in trade. She was a female market administrator who moved goods and services. The goods were men. Madam Tinubu and her marketwomen followed the Yoruba wars and bartered for the many captives, who would be sold at a sizable markup to slave ships. Her services were linkages between African and European military and financial interests both in and out of the slave trade. Her influence on the African coast stretched from Badagry on the west to Benin on the east, a distance of over two hundred miles.

African society respected Madam Tinubu's financial acumen: her gold, cloth, livestock, houses, and ability to support a large retinue of relatives and vassals. In a strange system of obligation difficult for us today to understand, she was sometimes patroness to men and women she had caused to be sold away and who survived in the New World. Those returning to Africa often joined her in her slave trade. There was little concern except among Christian missionaries and British officials about how Yemisi Tinubu conducted her business.

How then could such a woman have come to be regarded as a nationalist to whom a modern African country was so indebted that a prominent downtown landmark was named for her? I was curious and sought some of Madam's descendants. They are prosperous and much less embarrassed than the black American and Nigerian scholars who had attempted to make her into a nationalist. Having heard of my research, one such descendant contacted me when he came to this country several years ago. Naïvely, I thought that it would be interesting and informative to have him speak on campus about his great-great-great-aunt's exploits.

My advisor told me the descendant's family records were "hearsay" bordering on gossip, and that I ought to be "ashamed" to discredit a woman who might serve as a role model for black children. I countered by pointing out that the oral tradition put Madam in the center of the coastal slave network. I furthered my argument by distributing translations I had made of the mission records, including Father Broghero's, corroborated by handwritten sources. I was told that there was no money for speakers on such a "bizarre" topic.

The life of Madam Tinubu continued to fascinate me, and indeed I took some time from my research to write a novel about her. The Christian missionaries had taught her to read and write English, hoping to gain her as a prize convert to Christianity, but she remained a pagan until her death. Not even her friend Father Broghero could change her. She used the white man's language to enhance her trade in men.

I was contacted by a famous black American writer with an open mind who had heard of my research. This writer read my manuscript and admitted that she believed what I had written. It was unfortunate, of course, this business of blacks owning and selling blacks, but I was correct. She wanted me to share the manuscript with a liberal white New York literary agent. The novel was duly sent to New York and I began the completion of my dissertation.

In Their Own Time

IT IS difficult to place oneself back in the past. How does an African woman, freed from slavery in the Southern colonies, return to Africa to become a slave trader? How does another African woman whose town is destroyed and whose own brothers are enslaved become a dealer in men? And how does a black sea captain whose father was brought over on a slave ship ask, one generation away, for assistance from slave-trading friends of his father's master?

The study of history presents us with the challenge of placing ourselves back in time, of trying to imagine what it must have been like to live in another era. Slavery was often an alternative to death. It was the custom throughout sub-Saharan Africa—as it was in other times and places such as early Asia, South America, and pre-Christian northern Europe—to bury an aristocratic man or woman with his or her servants so that they might serve in the next world. (Sieglinde stated a wish to be accompanied in death by 13 slaves—eight male, five female—so that she would not appear to be "mean" when she entered the next world.) In Africa, however, after the Commercial Revolution, such deathbed excesses were seen as an awful waste of manpower. There came a reinterpretation of spiritual obligations in terms of the afterlife: goats,

chickens, and exquisite wood or ivory carvings of human figures were buried beside the deceased, and likely young men who might hitherto have been grave offerings took their places in the hold of the slave ship. It had been the custom in Benin, a great West African civilization known for its artistic treasures, to sacrifice criminals and war captives. After the development of the overseas slave trade, such criminals and captives were taken away to the slave ships.

As a result of my research, my academic relationships are bitter. I did not attend the ceremonies for the awarding of my PhD in June 1988. I have instructed the alumni association never to contact me for *any* reason. I have not spoken to, or communicated with, my chief advisor since May 1988. On more than one occasion, he held me up to ridicule in a classroom or a seminar. Once he screamed that I owed a black male student who had gotten a huge grant to study abroad "an apology" because I stated innocently that I did not know of a significant black presence in medieval France. The student later approached me in the middle of the campus one day and told me my research was "demeaning" to black people. Other graduate students supervised by my advisor seemed to be afraid after a time to interact with me.

See No Evil

ORAL COMMITTEES were sparring matches. There appeared to be two kinds of academics. One kind refused to acknowledge any participation by New England blacks in the slave trade, although the evidence of the West African black presence was too overwhelming to be ignored. This kind of scholar was usually someone who had made a name for himself as an Africanist. The second kind was usually in the field of American history. This kind of scholar seemed embarrassed by the whole thing and thought that my choice of a research topic while under the auspices of a "liberal" university indicated some obscure psychiatric malformation in me.

The book that I wrote on Madam Tinubu was finally returned after several years by the New York literary agent. She had gotten some feedback from "experts" in the field of African

history, and felt the book was unpublishable.

It is unfortunate when scholarship is not respected because it reveals facts that offend certain academic sensibilities. History is—or should be—a guide to understanding the past: how people acted in circumstances very different from ours, how they were shaped by different experiences, and how they in turn shaped their own destiny, sometimes in line with, sometimes in opposition to, the prevailing social and economic pressures. Blacks involved in the slave trade illustrate

such human dilemmas, it seems, almost too perfectly. Some were victims, as the current political fashion in history allows; some may even have been plaster saints, as the current fashion would like to dictate; but some were resourceful and self-interested people attempting to do the best for themselves in unpromising circumstances. Their morality is not our morality. But we should neither censor them out of existence nor ignore the substantial human abilities their lives display. To do so is not history; nor, in the long run, is it sensible politics. □

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

UNITED GERMANY: NUCLEAR OR NEUTRAL?

BRIAN CROZIER

NO INTERNATIONAL observer can be indifferent to the prospect of a united Germany, but little attention seems to have been paid to a curious anomaly at the birth of the Federal Republic of Germany 35 years ago. The Paris agreements of October 1954 were imposed on West Germany by the NATO powers. Under the Third Protocol of these agreements, West Germans were *forbidden* to make three categories of weapons: nuclear, chemical, and bacteriological.

At that time, Dr. Erhard's *Wirtschaftswunder* was in full swing, and Chancellor Adenauer was providing strong, anti-Communist leadership. But West Germany only enjoyed "internal independence." In other words, the country that accepted the Paris agreements *was not sovereign*.

Full sovereignty didn't come until May 5, 1955, when the instruments of ratification of the Paris agreements were deposited in Bonn. Four days later, the new German Federal Republic joined NATO.

On March 18 of this year, the East Germans voted freely for the first time since 1933, and on that day Chancellor Helmut Kohl made an important speech. He referred to Germany's "renunciation" of the three categories of

weapons and added: "It is our firm political will that a united Germany shall adhere once and for all to our renunciation."

There are two problems with these undertakings, and to point them out is not to carp but to be realistic. One is that the chancellor did not and does not know what form a united Germany would take. The other, perhaps more worrying to the other members of the Alliance, is that the main opposition party, the SPD (Social Democrats), has ideas of its own about Germany's future defense needs.

Let's look at these problems in turn. The Federal Republic's Basic Law (or constitution) offers two alternative provisions for a united Germany. The easy option is Article 26, under which the German Democratic Republic may apply to accede to the Federal Republic. The difficult one is Article 146, under which a new, all-German constitution would be required.

As the chancellor was speaking, his political protégés in East Germany were winning, and so the reluctant Christian Democratic leader, Lothar de Maizière, is now in office. Since Kohl and his CDU-CSU stand a good chance of winning the next federal election at the end of this year, there



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are reasonably good prospects for a pro-NATO, pro-European Community government of a united Germany.

But let us look at alternative scenarios. First, the best option. The new Germany emerges, say, early next year, under Article 26, committed to respecting the postwar frontiers with Poland and resolutely (but not necessarily formally) non-nuclear.

If the West Falters

BUT THEN, new problems arise. America tires of the European commitment and withdraws its shield, nuclear and conventional. Assuming Mrs. Thatcher is still in power, it may be taken for granted that Britain will retain its nuclear deterrent; and the same assumption may be made of France. But Britain's Labor Party has fudged the nuclear issue, and will look for a way out if elected. What then? The new German superpower may well take another look at the imposed "renunciation" of 1954 and, within its sovereign rights, change its mind. But I find I am losing no sleep over the specter of a resurgent and predatory Germany. There are more realistic dangers.

REASSESSMENT

THE GOOD LIBERAL

JAMES NUECHTERLEIN

BEFORE Francis Fukuyama there was Daniel Bell, and the lesson of both is that it is dangerous to proclaim the end of things. Recent developments in Central Europe and the Soviet Union may appear to augur an end to history in the Hegelian sense, but we should keep in mind that it was not long after Daniel Bell announced the end of ideology in 1960 that all ideological hell broke loose. It appears that Bell's judgment was not so much wrong as premature, but those respectful of the cunning of history will remain skeptical.

Mr. Nuechterlein is editor of First Things and associate director of the Institute on Religion and Public Life in New York City.

The worst, from the West's viewpoint, would be an electoral victory for West Germany's SPD. With refugees still flowing in from the East, with the problems of absorption and resettlement, and a possible inflationary recession caused by the extension of the Deutschemark to East Germany, the SPD may have a fighting chance. But the SPD is committed to a dangerous nonsense called the "security partnership" (*Sicherheitspartnerschaft*) between East and West. The party's leader, Oskar Lafontaine, is on record as not ruling out an invitation to the Soviet Union to join the Alliance.

Perhaps the best way to grasp what this kind of talk amounts to is by analogy with the problem of internal security in, say, the United States. A partnership between the FBI and the Cosa Nostra would doubtless provide internal security—of a kind and at a price.

So a Social Democrat-ruled united Germany would be neutral by definition. Although Moscow has dropped its insistence on a neutral Germany, the security partnership would mean just that. It might even (if the U.S. underplayed its hand) enable Gorbachev's disjointed USSR to snatch victory out of apparent defeat. □

ity, irony, ambiguity, and paradox," they swore never again to make of their politics a substitute for religious faith, and they declared "an end to chiliastic hopes, to millenarianism, to apocalyptic thinking—and to ideology." (Bell defined ideology as "a set of beliefs, infused with passion, [that] seeks to transform the whole of a way of life.") Bell's work described and celebrated a new mood of American exceptionalism and of intellectual "consensus" on a mildly social-democratic mix of the welfare state, decentralized power, a mixed economy, and political pluralism.

From Cradle to Grave

FOR BELL the commitment to a politics of moderation was genuine and deep. Throughout his long career his political views have remained remarkably stable: a social democrat he was born and a social democrat, one suspects, he will die. (Bell likes to describe himself as "a socialist in economics, a liberal in politics, and a conservative in culture," but that self-designation, precisely accurate as to politics and reasonably so as to culture, is fundamentally misleading in economics—as any true socialist would insist.) But what represented deep commitment for Bell was for others but a passing mood. The radical upheavals of the Sixties occasioned among many liberal intellectuals an eager return to the political utopianisms they had presumably forsworn; for them the end of ideology occupied but a moment between impassioned involvements with the Old Left and the New.

What happened to liberalism in the late 1960s is that its intellectual center did not hold. For all the supposed turning to neo-orthodoxy and neo-Augustinianism, all the new appreciation of Kierkegaard, Barth, Tillich, and Niebuhr—turnings and appreciations that genuinely engaged a Daniel Bell—the liberal intellectual mainstream could be diverted in an instant back to its whoring after false political gods. New Politics liberals caved in to radicals not simply out of a failure of nerve—though that did in fact occur—but also because they shared the sentimentalities of radicalism concerning human nature and the ease with which rationality and good will could transform the human condition. Lib-

eral intellectuals gave way before utopianism because they were themselves incipiently utopian. In moving from moderation toward a harder Left, they were heading home.

Liberals of Bell's persuasion—those who did not simply quote Niebuhr but understood what he was saying—found themselves forced to rethink their political allegiances. But their choices were limited: however dismayed they might be over the course of liberalism and the Democratic Party, the available alternatives—conservatism and Republicanism—were, for most, unthinkable. Their preferred strategy was to attempt to reclaim their party and their tradition for political sanity. Thus they formed organizations like the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, dedicated to the reconstitution of the liberal center. But their efforts, however nobly intended, were notably unavailing.

Bell was not himself a political activist, and he concentrated his efforts in the intellectual and academic sphere. In 1965, together with his old friend Irving Kristol, he founded *The Public Interest*, a journal whose aim it was to “transcend ideology through reasoned public debate and disinterested inquiry into public policy.” But whereas for Kristol and other postwar liberals the logic of “disinterested inquiry” led, through various routes and at various rates, along the path of neoconservatism, Bell continued to insist on his identity as a liberal. He had described himself in *The End of Ideology* as “anti-ideological but not conservative,” and that distinction remained essential to him. His growing disagreements with Kristol led to his resignation as co-editor of *The Public Interest* in 1973 and to his withdrawal from its publications committee in 1982.

The precise nature of Bell's residual liberalism remained unclear. It appeared to consist most of all in its determined distance from any form of conservatism. In an essay in *Partisan Review* in 1984, Bell laid out his disagreements with the neoconservatives. They were, he argued, parochial and partisan, inclined to exaggerated estimates of the cultural hegemony of the Left, unwilling to make necessary distinctions between social democrats and Communists, and prone to attitudes of self-righteousness and zealotry. Theirs was, one was led to

believe, an approach to politics indistinguishable in kind from that of the ideological Left and thus comparable to it as a form of political pathology.

In substantive terms, Bell identified himself with the “tough-minded . . .



liberalism of an Isaiah Berlin.” But in the *Partisan Review* essay, as elsewhere, the content of that liberalism was not easily discerned:

We need a new public philosophy, rooted in liberalism, a liberalism which has the “negative capability” of not reaching for closure on all issues. The “single” vision of liberalism is its distinction of realms, the separation of the public from the private, and the effort to set forth relevant rules of law and morality . . . appropriate to each. What undergirds such a pluralism is not any unbounded individualism, with its denial of community, or a rhetorical egalitarianism which ends in the division of society by group attributes, but the idea of “republican virtue,” the hope of Montesquieu and Tocqueville, . . . that a society could be maintained by constitutionalism, comity, and civil discourse.

The problem with Bell's definition lay in its extreme generality: if liberalism consists in commitment to “constitutionalism, comity, and civil discourse,” who among us is not a liberal?

Questions of Style

BELL'S discussion of politics shares with his attack on neoconservatism an odd preoccupation with style and manner at the expense of attention to substance and program. Surely politics cannot adequately be defined as good manners: it would be a peculiar public philosophy whose chief end was avoidance of the untoward. Since Bell himself concedes that not all neoconservatives are ob-

jectionably combative, one wonders why he makes so much of their political style, even as one wonders why he makes so little of what liberal-intellectual doctrine currently consists of (and of how far removed it is from the politics of an Isaiah Berlin).

It is instructive in this regard to recall the way virtually all neoconservatives (Irving Kristol being a rare exception) resisted the application of that label to themselves. They were, they kept insisting, *liberals*, and if they had to be considered neo-anything, it ought to be neoliberal. Their objections were understandable. They were tied to liberalism both by long tradition and by the very practical consideration that in the intellectual and academic circles in which they moved identification with conservatism of any sort put them at a considerable disadvantage.

In that context, Bell's maneuverings to cling to liberalism become more understandable. With regard to neoconservatism Bell conducts an exercise in the narcissism of small differences, even as he willfully ignores the doctrinal chasm that separates his politics from that practiced by the liberal intellectual community. He would be well advised to conduct a modest thought experiment. Let him imagine himself putting forth the *substance* of his political, cultural, and economic views before representative liberal and neoconservative audiences. From which audience does he suppose he would receive the more sympathetic response?

Bell has the right to call himself anything he wants, but he ought to understand that what in intellectual circles today is generally understood as liberalism is very far removed from the liberalism of the 1950s with which he continues to identify himself. That earlier liberalism is largely dead, and, to the degree it clings to life, it does so mainly among neoconservatives. The liberalism of today is the liberalism of the adversary culture, alienated from the fundamental traditions and practices of the American project in bourgeois democratic capitalism. Leftist ideology in the form of Marxian socialism may be dead, but the broader ideological Myth of the Left will surely live on in other forms. Too many intellectuals have too great a moral and emotional investment in that Myth for things to be otherwise. Bell is too good

a political sociologist not to understand that.

It is liberalism's difficulty that it has deserted the political center and

does not know how to find its way back. It is Daniel Bell's difficulty that he refuses to look that reality in the face and proceed accordingly. □

FROM THE CONTINENT

BALTIC SOLIDARITY

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

TO THE Western reader or television viewer, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia seem confusingly alike. In fact, their similarities extend mostly to their externally imposed (i.e., by Russia) situation; culturally and ethnically, they are quite diverse.

What they have in common is that they were conquered or annexed by Russia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, achieved their freedom as a result of the First World War, and were again annexed by their

eastern neighbor in accordance with the Hitler-Stalin Pact. Also, their people are not Slavic and do not belong to the Eastern Church, and are therefore even more different from the Russians than from one another.

Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania (reading from north to south) are situated as far north as Canada's Labrador Peninsula and occupy an area about the size of New England. Estonia and most of Latvia were conquered in the Middle Ages by the Teutonic Knights, and their people Christian-

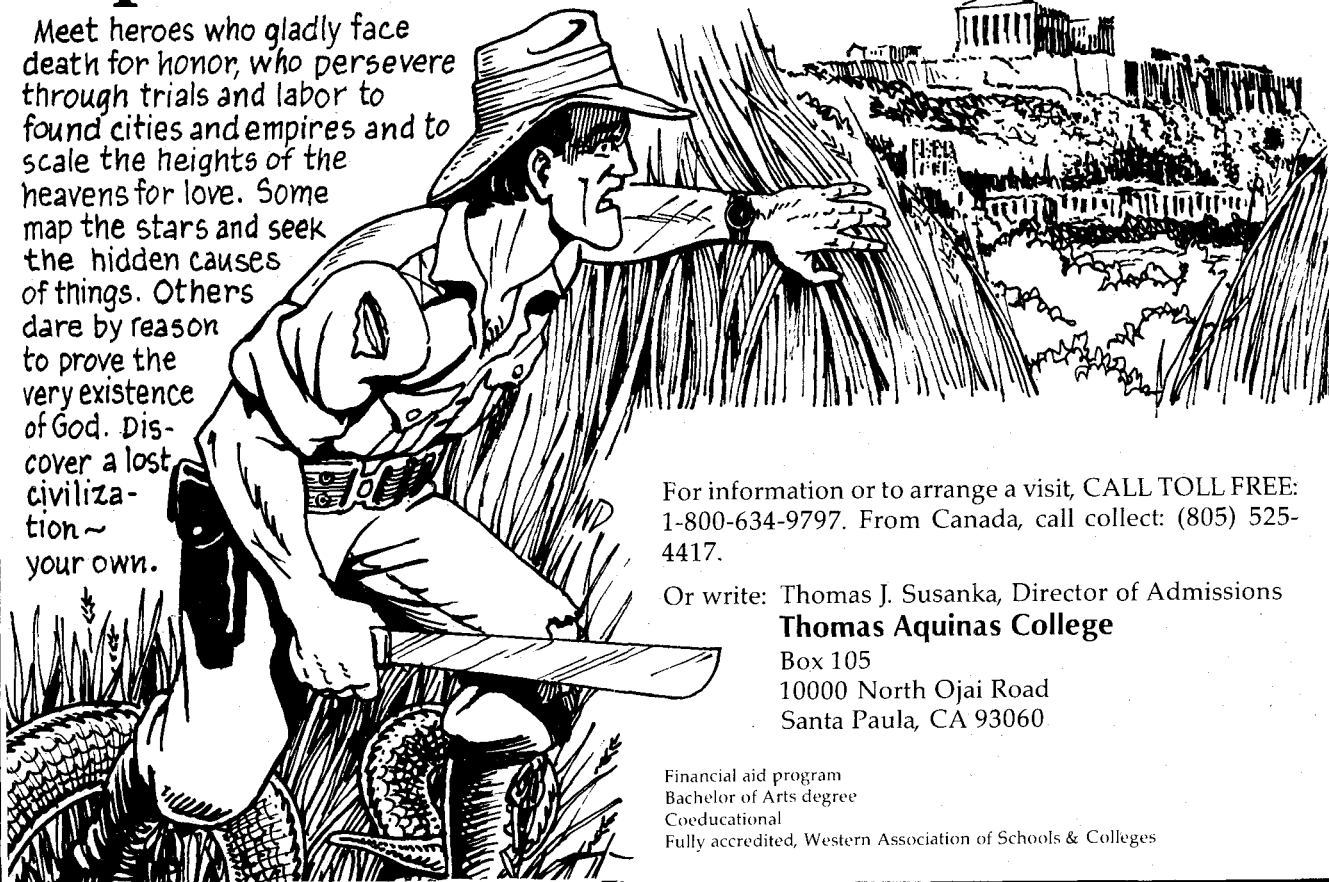
ized. With the Reformation they mostly became Lutherans. Their higher culture is German, and one might call them North Europeans (rather than Central or Eastern Europeans).

While culturally similar, however, these two nations are radically different from an ethnic point of view. The Estonian language belongs to the Finno-Ugric group of the Ural-Altaic family, which means the Estonians are brothers to the Finns, cousins to the Hungarians, and second cousins to the Turks. Latvian, on the other hand, is part of the Baltic group, which comprises Latvian, Lithuanian, and the now extinct Old Prussian. That group, in turn, belongs to the Indo-European family, to which most other Western languages belong. Thus, it would be easier for a Latvian to learn Welsh, Sanskrit, or Hindi than Estonian.

The Lithuanians, southernmost of the Baltic peoples, are ethnically virtually identical to the Latvians, but their culture, their history, and their character are very different—which shows that "race" (or better, in this context, ethnicity) is less important than culture and religion.

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The Lithuanians are the only "historic" nation among the three, and their history is glorious. They did not fall under the sway of the Teutonic Knights. For some time, they stuck to their pagan religion, defended their country successfully, and even conquered territories reaching almost to the Black Sea (as well as, for a time, eastern Latvia). But while Christianity reigned all over Europe (except for Moorish southern Spain), great cathedrals and universities were being built, and powerful monastic orders, rich burghers, and splendid courts were creating a great Christian culture and civilization, the Lithuanians held out—until 1385. In that year their ruler, Jogaila (in Polish, Jagiello), married Jadwiga, the Polish queen. From then on Lithuanian and Polish history was intertwined. The Lithuanian upper class became Polonized, and many Poles (including the great poet Adam Mickiewicz, and Marshal Pilsudski) claim Lithuanian descent. The once so staunchly pagan Lithuanians became equally staunch Catholics. As in Poland, the Church is the backbone of their resistance. They are Central Europeans, like the Poles, the Austrians, and the Bavarians.

Free—for a While

THE END of World War I brought independence to the three Baltic nations—for the first time in history for the Latvians and Estonians. But their freedom did not fall into their laps—they had to fight for it against the Russian Bolsheviks. The British historian H. W. V. Temperley has told us, "When the full story comes to be told, the epic of the Estonian and Latvian struggle for independence will rank high among the world's records of such performances."

Today, all three nations together have fewer than eight million people. And yet, although hamstrung by socialism, they have a higher living standard than the Russians—among other reasons, because they are more industrious. Thus, it is not only their ice-free harbors that make the Russians reluctant to grant them freedom: because of their superior work ethic, their contribution to the Soviet economy is out of all proportion to their share of the USSR's population.

This is true despite the Soviets' attempts to tame the Baltic republics by

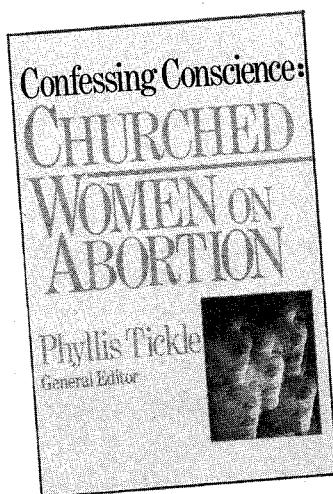
means of population transfers. First of all, in 1940–41, there was a mass deportation of Balts to the Russian interior and to Siberia, a procedure repeated in 1945–48. Both the deportations were followed by forced Russian immigration, the object being to Russify the entire area. Today, 27 per cent of Estonia's population is Russian, as is 32 per cent of Latvia's—but only 8 per cent of Lithuania's (another 8 per cent is Polish). Why this discrepancy?

The reason is comparative birth rates. The Estonians and Latvians have always had among the lowest birth rates in Europe, and Latvia would actually have shrunk had it not been for the Latgallians, the part of the population that was under Polish-Lithuanian rule. The Lithuanian birth rate, however, has always been high—high enough, in the past, to prompt substantial emigration to the United States. (There are as many Lithuanians in America as in Lithuania.)

While the Latvians are rather isolated, with few contacts abroad, Estonians' resistance not only to Sovietization but also to Russification has been strengthened by their neighbors

across the Gulf of Finland. The two capitals, Helsinki and Tallinn, are separated by only 45 miles of water—or ice, in winter. Finnish television can be seen by Estonians, whose language is not more different from Finnish than Dutch is from German. The Lithuanians, meanwhile, have taken inspiration from the developments in Poland. Given their close ties over the centuries, Lithuanians wonder: If the Poles have achieved so much, why should we not be equally successful? Of course, the Soviet paw lies more heavily on Lithuania than on Poland.

As one can see, the struggle of the Baltic nations is a dual one: for national freedom and against Communism. They want to be independent from the "Socialist Motherland" in every respect. Thus, though quite different from one another, they are united by a common goal. *Idem velle et idem nolle, ea est amicitia*: To want the same and to reject the same, that is friendship, is an ancient Roman adage. And if this unites the enslaved Baltic nations, it also ought to unite them with us who are living in freedom. □



Abortion: A window into the thoughts of twelve Christian women

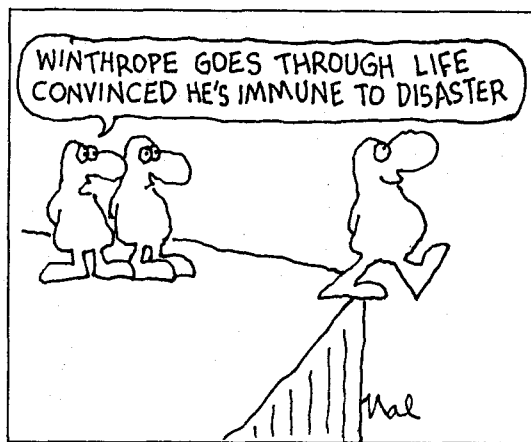
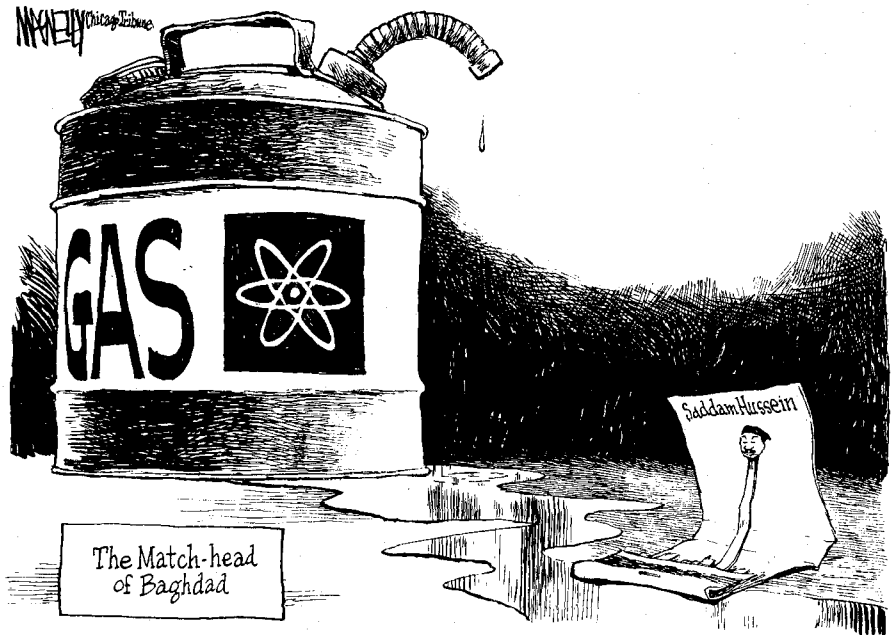
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BUSH WARNS MOSCOW AGAINST
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Getting It Right

GEORGE SIM JOHNSTON

COMMON SENSE has become a defunct branch of most scientific disciplines. This is particularly true of economics, where the reigning orthodoxy does not admit that punitive taxation affects the behavior of taxpayers. The Carter Administration, whose economics was even more confused than its foreign policy, followed conventional wisdom when it resisted even modest relief for middle-income families who were being ratcheted by inflation into ever-higher brackets. The reasoning was that the loss of revenue would widen the deficit. The result was higher inflation, more unemployment—and the election of Ronald Reagan.

Reagan, of course, was a recent convert to supply-side economics. It is instructive now to recall the derision with which most economists and editorial writers greeted the supply-side argument that a dramatic reduc-

***The Growth Experiment: How the New Tax Policy Is Transforming the U.S. Economy*, by Lawrence B. Lindsey (Basic, 253 pp., \$21.95)**

tion of taxes would spur investment, reduce inflation and unemployment, and actually increase the share of taxes paid by the rich.

As late as 1986, for example, Henry Kaufman, an orthodox Keynesian and somewhat liberal Democrat, wrote: "Rumor has it that a university professor [Arthur Laffer] sketched a diagram on a dinner napkin showing that lower tax rates would generate so much economic growth that the result would be an *increase* in tax receipts. On that basis, with no additional theoretical or empirical evidence, Congress bought the 1981 tax package—and has been regretting it ever since."

But the only ones who now regret the Reagan tax cuts are ideologues who want to punish wealth no matter what the consequences (paying Paul in order to rob from Peter, as Joseph Sobran has put it) and Keynesians whose understanding of *Homo oeconomicus* is singularly lacking in psychological insight. Far from regretting the

1981 tax package, Congress went on to reduce taxes further shortly after Dr. Kaufman's hand-wringing, although



there was a regression in a few politically sensitive areas like capital gains.

In what will certainly prove to be one of the most important books published this year, *The Growth Experiment* [excerpted in *NR*, April 30], Lawrence Lindsey makes an overwhelming case for even more vigorous tax cutting. Lindsey, who served on Reagan's Council of Economic Advisors, is a credible advocate for the supply-side case. He began as a skeptic; what changed his mind was a simple fact about which Reagan's critics are now silent: by reducing the tax rates

of the rich, Reagan actually increased both the share and the amount of taxes they actually paid.

What the 1981 tax bill did was move the rich down the upper half of the so-called Laffer Curve, which plots a facet of human nature: People will work harder for, and be less likely to shelter, additional income if the government doesn't grab most of it. As is often done in modern physics, Laffer, with his napkin sketch, was conducting a simple "thought experiment" without the encumbrance of unwieldy data. That his intuition proved correct is the burden of Lindsey's book.

The debate over Reaganomics now mostly focuses on the federal deficit. One of Ronald Reagan's legacies has been to focus the minds of liberals on this number. With the sharp drop in inflation and unemployment, it's the only target left for their indignation. Lindsey's numbers show, however, that the deficit is mainly the result of increased government spending, not the tax cuts. The 1981 cuts were two-thirds self-financing: the rich paid more, the middle class paid about the same, and low-income taxpayers paid less. The precipitous drop in the capital-gains tax, moreover, did not cost the Treasury a nickel, and it created an enormous boom in investment. The lesson is that tax rates had grown beyond the point where they were effective revenue producers.

Lindsey also demolishes the backup arguments of Reagan's detractors that a) the Eighties boom was an old-fashioned Keynesian consumer binge, and b) Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker was the real hero of the decade. The growth of both consumer spending and the money supply was normal for an economic expansion. What did explode at an abnormal rate was investment spending—i.e., the supply side—which was a deliberate goal of the 1981 tax package.

With a persuasive battery of numbers, Lindsey argues that tax rates are still too high: they distort taxpayer behavior and hold the economy below its potential. The current tax code, he also points out, is full of the sorts of inequities that liberals chafe at. He calls for a flat income tax of 19 per cent; substantial breaks for lower-income families with children; indexing of capital gains for inflation; limits on deductibility for items like local taxes and mortgage interest (both of which

Mr. Johnston is a freelance writer living in New York.

are abused by the rich); and other sensible things. The list is "liberal" in the best sense of the word.

To those who persist in arguing that we must raise taxes to balance the budget, Lindsey demonstrates that if government spending is held to the level of inflation (and this should not be difficult with the "peace dividend"), the budget is going to diminish anyway and will enter a surplus sometime in the mid Nineties. Margaret Thatcher's Britain is already running a huge surplus not despite but *because* of tax cuts much larger than those carried out in America.

Answering those who would steer

Eastern Europe to the "third way" of Sweden, Lindsey warns that there's trouble in high-tax paradise. The Swedes are consuming their future. They have a negative savings rate, a depreciating currency, and below-average economic growth. Moreover, Swedish industry, once on the cutting edge of technology, is falling behind because of lack of investment. When did you last see a Swedish computer?

A final encomium: this is one of the most lucid books about economics I have ever read. The numbers virtually speak for themselves. No one who reads this book with an open mind will think the tax revolution is over. □

try, ignobly torn between its lust to exploit a global best-seller and its terror of bombs and boycotts to follow. By far the most absurd bit players in these satanic farces, however, have been the scores of pundits and literary and academic hacks who have used the Rushdie case as an excuse to peddle their own ideology or the politico-cultural line of the moment.

A cascade of self-congratulatory banalities has showered from the likes of Norman Mailer and Susan Sontag via rallies, readings, petitions, and other acts of paper courage that have done little if anything to help Salman Rushdie or clarify the reasons why his work lit such a fire. Lisa Appignanesi and Sara Maitland's *The Rushdie File*, an anthology of speeches, articles, and official documents related to the furor, abounds in examples of the above, with the award for solemn silliness going to Iris Murdoch, whose message of Salmanic solidarity ("Wars end. The night will end.") ranks right up there with comedian Jackie Vernon's admonition that "A wet bird never flies at night." One of the few glitterati to offer sensible advice, and end with a note of gentle irony, is Ralph Ellison, who counseled the fugitive Rushdie:

Keep to your convictions.

Try to protect yourself.

A death sentence is a rather harsh review.

Granted that Salman Rushdie does not deserve to be snuffed out by a Khomeini hit man, is his book blasphemous? Certainly not literally, since the names have been changed to protect the blasphemer; all of the relevant characters in *The Satanic Verses* are allegorical, and most of the action—including all of the allegedly blasphemous passages—is seen through the eyes of a madman, not recounted in the author's voice. Indeed, the Koran itself, in distorting key Biblical passages and denying the basic Christian interpretation of Jesus, is far more offensive to the beliefs of the world's 1.6 billion Christians than Salman Rushdie's convoluted fantasy is to its 860 million Muslims.

At most, *The Satanic Verses* merely hints at what the non-Muslim majority (82.8 per cent) of the global population has always held: that the Koran is not the final revealed word of God, but a religious message consciously or subconsciously formulated by Muham-

Satanic Farces

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

IF EVER there was a literary controversy without a hero it has been the seemingly endless affair of Salman Rushdie and *The Satanic Verses*. Readers in doubt are directed to *The Rushdie Affair* and *The Rushdie File*, two hastily cobbled tomes on the events surrounding what

***The Rushdie Affair: The Novel, the Ayatollah, and the West*, by Daniel Pipes (Birch, 213 pp., \$18.95)**

***The Rushdie File*, edited by Lisa Appignanesi and Sara Maitland (Syracuse, 288 pp., \$32.50)**

may prove to be the most talked about, least read best-seller of all time.

Salman Rushdie, an accomplished literary stylist and entertaining if somewhat laborious storyteller, is much too intelligent not to have known that what he had written would raise the hackles of many of the world's 860 million Muslims, most of whom are semi-literate at best and easily roused by clerical demagogues. Mr. Rushdie may be a victim, but the catalyst for his suffering was of his own concocting. His subsequent decision to go into hiding under Scotland Yard protection, especially after hav-

ing depicted the British police as racist brutes and sociopaths in the very book that triggered the crisis, is the act of a scared survivor rather than a courageous crusader. No laurels for Salman.

The enraged Muslim demonstrators who rampaged around the world—some of them actually dying in disturbances in India and Pakistan—were protesting a book few of them had read and even fewer would be capable of understanding. If they acted on conviction, it was a conviction grounded in ignorance. They were pawns, not martyrs. As for the late Ayatollah Khomeini, as hate-consumed as he was cunning, he may well have been more angered by passages in *The Satanic Verses* centered on a Mad Mullah closely resembling himself than he was distressed by the short sections of the book he claimed were blasphemous.

The need to re-animate a depressed, war-weary Iranian people, and Shia followers outside Iran who had begun to lose faith in the Ayatollah's Islamic revolution, provided a motive more political than religious. In any case, as most reputable Islamic scholars and jurists agree, Khomeini had no moral authority unilaterally to issue a *fatwa* (judgment) condemning Rushdie to death without a trial and encouraging pious Muslims to commit wanton murder.

Nor was *l'affaire Rushdie* the finest hour for much of the publishing indus-

Mr. Bakshian writes and broadcasts on history, politics, and the arts. His "The Crescent and the Flag," an analysis of Islam and nationalism, appeared in the January 1990 issue of History Today.

mad. To believe otherwise, you would have to be a Muslim yourself.

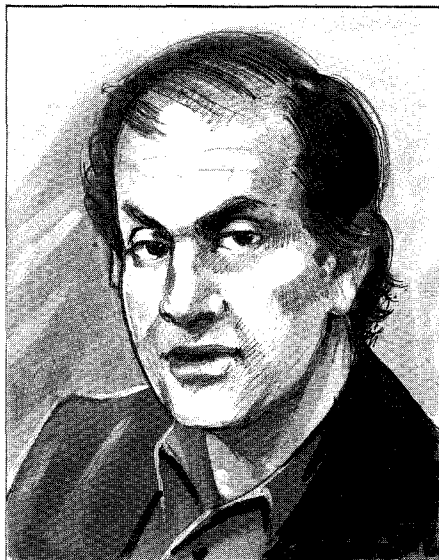
What drives the Rushdie controversy, then, is the tension between the Western world's concept of free speech—more specifically, what might be called the right to express *disbelief*—and the conviction of many Muslims that to raise even the slightest doubt about Muhammad as the Messenger of God or the Koran as the literal Word of God is impermissible—especially on the part of someone who, like Rushdie, was born a Muslim.

Some experts—and this, to some extent, includes Daniel Pipes, author of *The Rushdie Affair*—have attempted to use this innate but limited conflict between Islam and the nominally Christian West as the basis for a far wider condemnation of the former. The implication is that Islam and “civilized” values may be incompatible, that there is an incurable canker in the crescent, setting it beyond the pale. This blanket indictment is especially appealing to those who wish to see conflict in the Middle East as a one-dimensional struggle between a solidly “Western” and democratic Israel and an incurably “Eastern” and despotic Arab and Muslim world, but it overlooks some basic truths.

While democracy has not flourished in most of the Muslim world (or, for that matter, most of the so-called Third World, regardless of religion), the Islamic way of life teaches brotherhood, compassion, and charity, as well as toleration for non-Muslim monotheists. As for present-day Israel, its diplomatic obduracy and state-sanctioned brutality toward its unwilling Palestinian population, while perhaps understandable in view of the Israelis' sense of isolation and insecurity, are certainly not up to the best standards of Western civilization.

Mr. Pipes attempts balance but betrays a certain distaste for the Muslim masses and tends to see an Ayatollah under every Muslim bed. At times, his forebodings about mounting Muslim immigration to Europe sound an alarmist note:

Rightists in Europe may resist the idea of letting such aliens in, fundamentalist Muslims may shudder at the thought of taking up residence in a land of blasphemy and lewdness, but the two are almost fated to join each other. Indeed, there are probably cases already of *neo-fascist* [my italics] German employ-



Jennifer Lawson

ers hiring fundamentalist Muslim workers, with both parties hating the relationship, but accepting it nonetheless. . . . Unfortunately, the presence of the Muslims in the West encourages the worst in each camp: ugly nativistic reactions from those who resent the growing

number of dark-skinned, poor foreigners with strange eating habits and less-developed notions of hygiene; and arrogant fundamentalist Islamic ambitions among emigrants culturally unprepared for immersion in an alien civilization and therefore prone to insist on the most dogmatic version of their faith.

Ironically, this is much the same sort of stuff that Protestant bigots and ethnic chauvinists of an earlier era wrote about the successive immigrations of Irish, Italian, and Slavic Catholics (not to mention Polish Jews) that were supposedly going to engulf traditional Yankee values and undermine the American way of life. Mutual adjustment and accommodation are never easy, but they happened in nineteenth- and twentieth-century America. There is no reason why they shouldn't happen in twenty-first-century Europe, too—in spite of the fulminations of the occasional Mad Mullah and the irreverence of the occasional Salman Rushdie. □

Turmoil in Texas

RICHARD BROOKHISER

WHEN Kristen Cates, the narrator of *Rush*, gets the chance to move from waiting on tables in an ice-cream parlor in a Houston mall to working for a suburban police force, life starts looking

Rush, by Kim Wozencraft (Random House, 272 pp., \$18.95)

better. When she's assigned to a narcotics unit under Captain Jim Raynor, a tough young veteran, later her lover, life looks better yet. And when she realizes that her job requires her, in order to preserve her cover, to use the drugs she buys along with the dealers she buys them from, life looks best of all.

"You see, Rob [another narc] said, cutting out more rails, 'it's like this. We're out here risking our lives to keep the f---sticks off the streets. But the job has a few fringe bennies.'"

It doesn't last. The fringe bennies take over the lives of the beneficiaries. Meanwhile, Kristen and Jim get on the bad side of some criminals, and some superiors.

Rush's virtues are few, but real. The

main one is the flow of dialogue and detail.

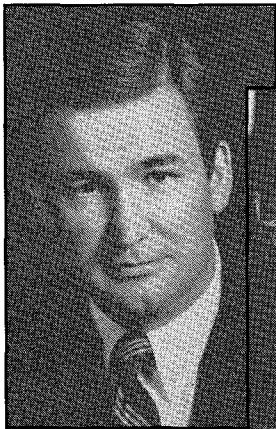
Jim put the needle in smoothly, expertly, and left the syringe resting on his arm while he loosened the belt from his bicep. He drew back the plunger and watched as his own blood mixed with the fluid in the syringe.

"Oh, yeah," Willie Red said. "Sweet heaven, here we come."

There's nothing here that you could point to and say it's special, but it keeps you rolling along. Things flag when the narrator stops to think, but since she hardly ever does, that's okay too. The main rush in *Rush* is prose. Miss Wozencraft can also serve up the big scene: There's a shotgun shoot-out, scary and sickening, that will teach you never to leave your weapons on the floor at night.

Miss Wozencraft also has down cold something normal people don't often consider: that an addict's life is boring. Addicts are boring, drugs become boring, everything that isn't drugs even more boring. To convey this numbing triviality without exemplifying it is no mean feat. In this regard, it may help

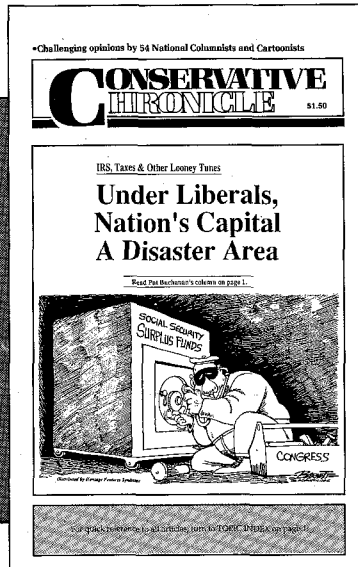
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to read *Rush* as both Miss Wozencraft's agent and I first read it: with a case of flu. The enforced immobility of illness and the narrowed mental horizons of addiction make a good fit.

The action hops around the state of Texas, and Miss Wozencraft gives vivid, fleck-sized glimpses of the state that's as big as a country.

Now for the downside. There is no sense, but none, of why anyone does what he's doing. We learn early on that Kristen was raised in a nice suburban Catholic family, and that background floats up into her mind from time to time, as counterpoint to her life gone wrong. But the Catholic childhood is a convention of modern fiction merely, as being an orphan was for the Victorians. The other characters are even more wraith-like.

This may have to do with the relation of book to author, for Miss Wozencraft, like Kristen Cates, was a Texas narc who became first a junkie, then a jailbird. Miss Wozencraft insists *Rush* is created, not re-created, but the book belies her. One-dimensional characters are the mark of memoirs, unless of course the memoirist is, oh, Boswell. Cates by Wozencraft is as flat as Nixon by Nixon.

Another sign that *Rush* is a real-life book is the arbitrariness of its moral scale. From the Prologue on, Kristen packs a powerful hatred for Donald Nettle, the ambitious East Texas assistant chief of police who ends up employing her, and who pushes her and Jim to make numerous, and ultimately fanciful, cases. Nettle is a dishonest, dirtbag cop. But then, so is Kristen. The mere fact that he does her wrong isn't enough, in a novel, to make him the Great Satan, as he appears here—though this is how we tend to think of our enemies in our own lives.

But real lives interest readers too. By claiming that her work is less real than it may well be, Miss Wozencraft is only being more honest than most journalists, who claim their work is more real than it in fact is.

Rush is being hyped to the heavens. Random House bought it for \$35,000, which was good, not great, and then Hollywood picked it up for a cool million. But this shouldn't bother the reader. He will turn the pages, and it will probably make a fast-paced movie. Everybody is getting his money's worth—which is more than junkies get. □

and Vanessa Redgrave, she has it made on stage and screen, yet she is singularly unappealing: hard-featured, frozen, cocky, stolidly invulnerable. (With a little more smugness, she'd be the ideal Margaret Atwood in a film biography.) Yet the story depends on our concern for Kate. About the cold, carapaced Miss Richardson, it's hard to worry: she'll make out all right even if she has to kill for it.

■ Still, *The Handmaid's Tale* is only inept and annoying; for true horror, I commend to you Peter Greenaway's latest, *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*, a film whose detestableness is heralded by its ponderous title. Have you noticed, by the way, the depredations of the ampersand on film titling? It is a dependable harbinger of disaster, as recently in *Stanley & Iris*, and now in what I'll shorten to *CTW&L*. Why those ampersands? It wasn't *Romeo & Juliet* or *Crime & Punishment*. But, beloved of law firms and typographers, the ampersand has become chic & is here to stay.

But back to Peter Greenaway, a British painter, novelist, and filmmaker. His first full-length effort, *The Draftsman's Contract* (1982), was so pretentious, hollow, and odious that it set my teeth on edge; I had the urge to throw something equally rotten back at the screen. It was an attempt at a bawdy, witty, nasty Restoration comedy bolstered with the savagery of Jacobean revenge tragedy. But the comedy was not witty enough, the tragedy was gratuitously grafted on, and the whole thing made no sense. What could be more flavorful than an olla podrida of smuttiness, obscurantism, and self-congratulation?

As a result, I stayed away from Greenaway's next offerings: *A Zed and Two Naughts*, *The Belly of an Archi-*

FILM

Bon Appetit!

JOHN SIMON

DYSTOPIAS are, by definition, unpleasant. But the two most celebrated English dystopias, *Brave New World* and *1984*, manage to be scary without stooping to gloating mean-spiritedness. That, along with a sadomasochistic brand of feminism, is what Margaret Atwood's novel *The Handmaid's Tale* is about, and that, too, comes across in Harold Pinter's screenplay as directed by Volker Schlöndorff. The film has been around too long for a detailed review now—especially since I have scant use for Atwood, Pinter, and Schlöndorff in general—but a few words about the acting seem indicated.

Faye Dunaway and Elizabeth McGovern give their by now customary mannerism-bespangled performances; Aidan Quinn refines his technique of tilting his face down and his gaze up; while Victoria Tennant, Blanche

Baker, and Robert Duvall do nicely. In the title role of Kate, the young woman who becomes the joyless sperm receptacle for the Commander, and the character with whom Margaret Atwood identified herself, Natasha Richardson is miscast. Because she is the daughter of Tony Richardson



Joseph Borzotta

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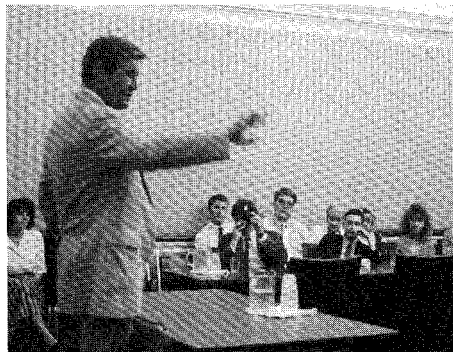
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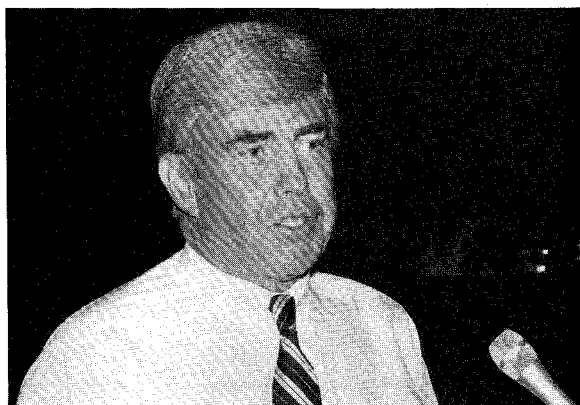
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test, *Drowning by Numbers*, whose very titles inspired diffidence. But the glowing hullabaloo that greeted CTW&L demanded investigation. In the *New York Times*, where the two senior critics prudently abstained and let young #3, Caryn James, pluck this chestnut out of the fire, we could read that this "profound" film was, among other things, "a work so intelligent and powerful that it evokes our best emotions and least civil impulses." Where, I wondered, did this evocation take place: on the screen or in the au-

ditorium? On film, it takes very little profundity to display noble feelings and bestial impulses. To evoke them in the audience—rather more interesting—would presumably mean causing you to make impassioned love to your neighbor on the left while urinating on the person sitting to your right.

It is with the latter that the film begins. In a garishly lit parking lot, the Thief (Michael Gambon), actually a major gangster, and his henchmen torture an unidentified man: they strip him, smear excrement on him, pee on

him, and might go further if the Wife, impassively smoking in the car, did not advise the Thief to desist. Albert Spica, the Thief, then vents his fury on Georgina, the Wife, as they enter his fancy restaurant. In the parking lot, savage curs roam about, getting in the pigs' heads and maggot-infested fish that fill garbage trucks seemingly uneager to cart them away.

One enters the restaurant, Le Hollandais, so named after a huge replica of Frans Hals's *Banquet of the Officers of the St. George Militia* that hangs on

RANDOM NOTES

■ **VANITY, VANITY.** By now everybody knows there are too many books published each year in these United States. Picture this: in 1940, the first year the book-biz bible, *Literary Market Place*, was published, there were fewer than one hundred publishers listed. The Fiftieth Anniversary Edition contains exactly 2,578. The thirty thousand or so trade books each year (the ones published by the major houses and sold through the "trade," i.e., through retail bookshops) are only the visible part of a literary iceberg of extraordinary depth: I once read the estimate that three hundred thousand book-length manuscripts are written each year by aspiring American authors. That's a lot beneath the surface, and I can tell you that most of what's under water deserves to drown.

Once upon a time, young editorial assistants would go wading in the "slush pile," that abysmal jetsam that washes ashore at every publisher, and which no publisher these days even bothers to unwrap, let alone read. These are the unsolicited manuscripts that come in over the transom. Why aren't they read? Because it is not cost-effective to do so; in ten years you'd spend maybe \$50,000 mining in this sea to come up with, maybe, one book that might pan out at \$5,000. The stuff's that bad.

Which is bad news for literary hacks, but what's even worse is the recent jury award against Vantage Press, America's leading vanity press. The case was a class-action fraud suit, and the first of its kind to be decided by a jury. Vantage may eventually have to cough up as much as \$15 million, the \$3.5 million awarded by the jury to the class (there are more than two thousand disgruntled authors in the action, so their satisfaction will amount to lit-

tle more than \$1,600 a man), and perhaps \$12 million in compensatory damages. What happened to make these writers so angry?

Nothing, they say. Each of them paid Vantage between \$3,000 and \$8,000 to be "published." In most cases, however, they were simply printed and bound. And there's not much else Vantage could do, having no sales force and maintaining no on-going retail accounts. Naturally enough, Vantage has no backlist either, since what it prints it ships to its authors. The suit maintains that Vantage failed to deliver on agreements to advertise and otherwise promote the books it printed. A broken promise is the soul of a civil action. Still, one wonders what the plaintiffs imagined they'd really be getting from a contract with Vantage. The name itself pretty clearly suggests what Vantage is up to; vanity presses have always existed to print the unpublishable. The point of the enterprise is to provide the untalented writer with the chance to hold his own book in his hands; to mention the book in his bio for that speech at the Moose Lodge; to give inscribed copies to his friends; to add "author" to his list of self-descriptive nouns. As illusions go, it's pretty harmless. Vantage may appeal the jury's ruling.

■ **Zzzzzz.** But Vantage only printed four hundred titles a year, and the authors of those several hundred thousand unpublished manuscripts had little hope of ever having their words read—until now. On April 22, 1990, in Burlington, Vermont, the Brautigan Library ("A Very Public Library") will open its doors. It is unique. It will inventory "writing of all sorts," but with one restriction: everything in the Brautigan

Library must be unpublished. The library was inspired by the noted suicide and writer Richard Brautigan (*Trout Fishing in America*), who imagined such a place in one of his stories.

"Many people are discouraged from writing," the library's press release declares, "because of the competitive aspects of publishing," which relies too heavily on commercial success. (Where have we heard that before?) But this less marketable writing is "no less important" (how do they know? By definition, they haven't read it) and the Brautigan's writers "are free to test the limits of their creativity, to offer new points of view, to tell the stories that aren't being told." (Sounds like Pantheon to me.)

Any tenacious typist who pounds out a few hundred pages of gibberish may send in his manuscript and \$25, and have his work shelved according to what the library calls the Mayonnaise System. (No, I don't know what that means, but it sure is whimsical.) It won't be a lending library, since its works are one of a kind, but the manuscripts will be bound, and "comfortable seating is provided." No doubt they'll be able to hear the snoring as far away as Montpelier.

The library's founder was moved to concretize Brautigan's fancy by last year's cinematic fantasy *Field of Dreams*—not, notice, by the book, *Shoeless Joe*, upon which the movie is based—in which an Iowa farmer follows the urgings of a disembodied voice, and builds a diamond in a corn field so dead ballplayers can shag flies. Why is it that voices no longer inspire dreamers to found religious orders or build hospitals, or, failing that, to stand under a tree during an electrical storm?

—BRAD MINER

one of its walls, through the kitchen. This kitchen has a staff ranging from half-naked potbellied food handlers to a kitchen boy with punk yellow hair and an epicene persona, constantly singing hymns in a shrill voice. The saturnine Cook is played by Richard Bohringer, a posturing French actor with an impenetrable accent in English. Bohringer starred in *Diva*, Jean-Jacques Beineix's obnoxious and nonsensical film, a manifest influence on *CTW&L*, and the luridly green kitchen is his Plutonian domain.

From this we pass to the crimson dining room, where the Thief and his men, dolled up in quasi-Halsian regalia clashing with their oafish talk and foul behavior, seem to be regulars—after all, the Thief owns the place. The Wife, in this swinishly illogical film, is especially illogical: for years she has tolerated the Thief's shoving, or making her shove, bottles, wooden spoons, etc. up her crotch by way of sex, and his beatings, buffetings, and cruel beratings by way of connubial bliss. Four times she has escaped, and allowed herself to be found and taken back. True, this is not realistic filmmaking, but some sort of stylized explanation, if I may put it so, wouldn't hurt.

The Thief, Albert Spica (is he so named that people addressing him should seem to be saying "Mr. Speaker," creating instant parliamentary satire?), roughs up everyone: henchmen, kitchen staff, waitresses, customers. He pulls off tablecloths with full dishes on them, pummels the diners, sometimes emptying a soup tureen on their heads before, literally, kicking them out. Just for fun, mind you, or to vent his anger at Georgina on them. The way the clientele on and off screen puts up with this suggests that Greenaway's view of people as sadomasochists may be justified.

Meanwhile, the Wife is making goo-goo eyes at a rather seedy youngish man in a rust-brown suit, who dines regularly at the restaurant in the company of two or three hefty tomes (some of them old and rare-looking), one of which he reads as he eats. The Thief likes to come up and toss some of these books on the floor, whereat the reader, who doesn't speak till midway into the film, smiles. Does the Thief do this because he realizes that Georgina's ever more frequent visits to the ladies' room allow her to make love in one of

the stalls to Michael, as the bookish fellow is called? Not a bit; Albert is too thick to catch on to the obvious—maybe because the Cook's weird specialties are only too likely to induce diarrhea.

Finally, though, Albert does follow Georgina into the ladies' lieu, but in lieu of catching on, merely makes himself gratuitously loathsome. The lovers must seek another hideaway, and the Cook first shelters them in the larder, where they have sex amid a legion of unplucked pheasants, literally making it in the feathers. When the Thief comes ferreting into the kitchen, the Cook hides the lovers in the cold-storage room, where love keeps them warm until he arranges their escape in a rotting-food truck, where their love is further fertilized by decomposing pigs' heads and fish innards. They find eventual refuge in the book depository, where Michael is cataloguing some half-million to a million volumes (I'm bad at guessing numbers), and where the hymn-squealing albino punker-castrato-hermaphrodite brings them meals from the Cook.

At this point, the film goes a bit queer. So uncouth, in fact, that I leave it to you to seek it out if your taste runs to tastelessness. I'll pass on to the music, costumes, sex, and *mise-en-scène*. The music is by Michael Nyman, whose career is as bizarre as if it had been composed, or at least orchestrated, by Peter Greenaway. His score here is a queasy blend of baroque and

rock, outlandish and insinuating, the aural equivalent of the Cook's cuisine, with perhaps the odd pig's head thrown in, to make sure it goes on your nerves, its ultimate intended destination.

The costumes are by one of the *enfants terribles* of *haute couture*, Jean Paul Gaultier. (The other two, Thierry Mugler and Claude Montana, are undoubtedly eating each other's heart out.) Their thrust is, besides jabots for the gangsters, fancy outfits and provocative undies for Georgina. These are an amalgam of cancan dancers' costumes out of Toulouse-Lautrec, whores' gear out of Genet's *The Balcony*, and saddles by Hermès—with, by the bye, coiffures to match. Though Helen Mirren (Georgina) is seldom wholly naked—at her age, it might not be seemly—her breasts and genitalia are dutifully exposed. As for Alan Howard (Michael), he's frequently in the buff to huff and puff with Miss Mirren in simulated sex that is less erotic than ornamental, presumably to better fit the décor.

That décor, surely, is what the film is about. Since I could hardly match such eloquence, let the press kit do the cataloguing: "1) the lavish restaurant dining room, where most of the verbal and physical abuse occurs, is blood-red, symbolizing danger; 2) the kitchen, where the lovers secretly meet, is jungle-green, suggesting safety; 3) the parking lot, where the lovers flee, is a cold ultramarine, connoting the neth-

NOW SHOWING

Born on the Fourth of July, directed by the unlikable Oliver Stone, is a gripping, unrelenting, and extremely powerful work. Its shortcomings evaporate from memory; its strengths are indelible. Tom Cruise is altogether impressive as the bitter vet, who turns from clean-cut hawk into hippie war protestor.

Camille Claudel is the rather faithfully reported story of Rodin's mistress. As biography it rates a 9½; as a film, roughly a 5. Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu are mostly effective, and the best cinematography I have seen all year makes it, for me, a must.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen

without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

Glory takes too many liberties with history, but it is well worth watching for the performances of Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, and Morgan Freeman; consummate ensemble acting.

My Left Foot is an unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—JOHN SIMON

erworld; 4) the lovers' hideaway [book depository] is gold, to represent the golden age of learning and implying an Eden of reborn innocents; 5) a children's hospital ward, which is the yellow of egg yolk and spring [?]; and 6) the lavatories, where the lovers begin their affair, is [sic] the shadowless incandescent white of heaven."

Accordingly, when Georgina moves from one space to another, her dress changes from red (dining room) to white (lavatory) to green (kitchen). I have always considered the interior decorator one of the more sinister in-

fluences on modern life, particularly when, like Peter Greenaway, he sets himself up as a social-metaphysical moviemaker. *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover* is part post-modern vomitorium, part pseudo-Buñuelian existential parable, and altogether undesirable. Kathy Acker, the expatriate American punker-novelist, has characterized Greenaway: "If his films are—and are about—any one thing, it is the connection between perception, art, philosophy, mythologies, sexuality, and the political." That sure is some "any one thing." □

ern in the Nahe's chief town, a pleasant little spa called Bad Kreuznach. I ordered wine, as I automatically do with my meals, and was brought a carafe of a white *Landwein* (*vin du pays*), which tasted as if Riesling grapes had gone into its making. The wine was not as flowery and delicate as a Moselle, nor was it cloying like some hocks. It was quite a robust wine, and went well with my meal of potato soup and roast veal. I was happy and restored, and particularly pleased with the absence of fuss and bother about the wine.

At the German Wine Information Bureau, a gentleman was dispensing nine wines and explaining what they were. This obviously was an upper-class tasting: unlike the simple little *Landwein* I remembered, these wines came out of well-groomed brown bottles with rather complicated decorative labels. The wines were all white and, with two exceptions, were sweetish or downright sweet.

This tasting led me to think about the fact that German wines have never gone over in the United States like Italian wines. Or like French

DELECTATIONS

A Secret Kept Too Well

NIKA HAZELTON

RECENTLY, I hoisted myself over to the German Wine Information Bureau, which was featuring a tasting of wines of the Nahe region. The Nahe, in West Germany, is no hotbed of the exciting goings-on we have been reading about in

the newspapers—on the contrary, it is rather quiet. The Nahe is between the Rhine and the Moselle river valleys. It is dedicated to agriculture—specifically, to grape-growing and wine-making.

I once lunched in a bistro-like tav-

RIGHT BOOKS

■ In the late 1930s Malcolm Muggeridge's fellow correspondents in Moscow observed a troubling change come over him. After showing much promise as a newly arrived stringer for the liberal *Manchester Guardian*, he had inexplicably become one of those cranks whose doubts and jeering threatened to impede the great Soviet experiment. Lacking the vision of a Walter Duranty or the other *Times*-men who were then apprising the world of Stalin's staggering economic triumphs, he could only see what lay around him: grief, famine, and the fraudulent rhetoric of socialism. And of course his condition would only worsen, so that by the end of his career fifty years later he would be liberalism's most dangerous critic and—a still greater disappointment to his old progressive colleagues—a powerful Christian voice.

Listen, for instance, to this recollection in *Chronicles of Wasted Time* (re-issued this year by Regnery Gateway; 546 pp., \$14.95) of the last time he saw Beatrice and Sidney Webb.

The scene is Passfield, the comfy estate at which those two "estimable upholders of Stalinist dictatorship" labored away each morning assembling the latest industrial data and preparing the world's socialist future. Mrs. Webb, an aunt of Muggeridge's wife, Kitty, had earlier taken him aside for a privileged glimpse of her lighted, shrine-like portrait of Lenin: "Afterwards, I reflected that the two scenes I had witnessed—the Webbs at work, and Mrs. Webb at prayer before her Lenin picture—embodied the whole spirit of the age, showing her to be a true priestess and prophetess; pursuing truth through facts and arriving at fantasy, seeking deliverance through power and arriving at servitude."

All his life Muggeridge has felt himself "a part in search of a play," "a stranger in a strange land" longing to "make off" for someplace new. The foreign travels mixing with the great and powerful, the fame he attained in newsrooms and studios, the

carnal manias that deaden the soul—each led straight toward the same spiritual cul-de-sac. Everywhere modern man, including at times the author himself, was engaged in the same futile, poignant, and ridiculous project of finding contentment without God—comparable to "building a housing estate on the slopes of Etna." Readers of Muggeridge's *Something Beautiful for God* know that the part truly found its play when his boss at the BBC suggested in 1967 that he go down to have a look at "some nun in Calcutta who helps the poor"—Mother Teresa.

"Between the fantasy of the ego and the truth of love," he writes, "between darkness of the will and the light of the imagination, there will always be a need for a bridge and a prophetic voice calling on us to cross it." Reading just about anything by Malcolm Muggeridge, one can only be thankful that he has called us so clearly with his own prophetic voice before making for the bridge himself.

—MATTHEW SCULLY

wines, still considered the most elegant. German wines can be very fine (and expensive), but Americans don't know about them, and, sadly, the German authorities do not seem interested in informing them.

Part of the problem is the complexity of German wine labels. The label will tell you everything you could possibly want to know about the wine, except whether you will like it or not.

Basically, there are two categories of German wine: those made of normally ripened grapes, and those made of specially selected overripe grapes. But there are many subcategories within these two. Among wines made from normally ripened grapes, there are first *Tafelwein* (*vin de table*) and *Landwein* (*vin du pays*). Then, moving up the scale, there is *Qualitätswein* (QBA), made in one of the 11 specified regions (I'll come to them later). Then comes the *Qualitätswein mit Prädikat* (QMB), a wine that is made in a specific region and that also has certain characteristics. Next is *Kabinettwein*, a good bet with most foods. Then we come to the wines made from riper grapes. First in this category is *Spätlese*, made from late-harvested grapes; it can be *trocken* (dry) or *halbtrocken* (semi-dry). Next comes *Auslese*, made from very ripe grapes, selected bunch by bunch to make a rich, noble wine; followed by *Beerenauslese*, made from very ripe, individually selected grapes. *Eiswein* comes next, made from overripe grapes that froze on the vine, a wine that is quite rare, and is both very sweet and acid at the same time. Finally there is *Trockenbeerenauslese Eiswein*, made from individually picked frozen grapes.

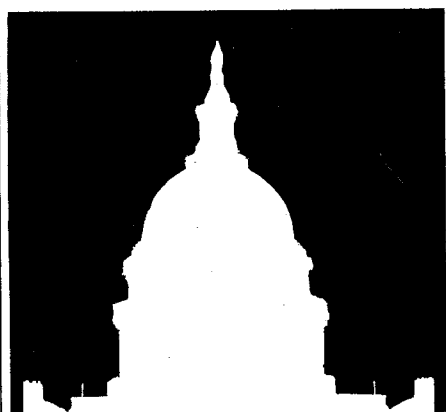
A German wine label will tell you exactly which of these categories the contents of its bottle fit into. It will also tell you the geographic origin of the wine, which is important since

there are big differences among the 11 wine regions. These regions are subdivided into 35 districts (*Bereiche*), which are divided again into collective vineyard sites called *Grosslagen*, and finally there are the *Einzellagen*, the individual vineyard sites. On each German label, you will also find the vintage year, the testing number (telling you that the wine is what it claims to be), the name of the producer, and the kind of grapes used. As if this were not enough, most producers add a mass of decoration to the label.

To get this and more information on the subject of German wines I contacted Mr. Lamar Ellwood, an affable and presentable man in, I would guess, his forties. To my surprise, I learned that the German Wine Information Bureau is not a government agency, but a private public-relations outfit. However, Mr. Ellwood and his helpful female assistants do what they can for German wines, such as issuing press releases about harvests and notices of tastings by respectable producers.

But they do not get much help from the German wine-making establishment or the German government. I find it sad that the Germans do not take a greater interest in their wines. It's as if they are only too pleased that, in their iffy climate, they can make wine at all. Americans in general will buy anything that is fully promoted, but German wines are not.

If the Germans ever did decide to court the American market, a necessary first step would be to simplify the labels for export. To be sure, some of the complication is inherent. The glory of German wine is the whole gamut of special wines made from overripe grapes; these must be accurately labeled, and they will not all be on the market at any given time. The wine-makers often cannot make *Eiswein*; being honest Germans, they won't call



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something *Eiswein* if it is not. On the other hand, one simplifying factor is that it is the producer's name that counts. Speaking for myself, I would be more willing to try a new category of wine if the bottle in question were made by someone whose other wines I had liked. For instance, I like the sweet Moselles made by Egon Mueller, and so I would be more apt to try one of his dry wines.

A few years ago, when I took a look

at German wines, the *Lage* was important. In other words, if the grapes came from a famous site or a vineyard of renown, the label would indicate this fact. But then there was a scandal, and the German government decreed a *Flurbereinigung* (cleaning up of the ground). I have been told that little came of this enterprise, however. The German government had forgotten that not all dealings with wine will be strictly kosher. □

THE GIMLET EYE

Marijuana

D. KEITH MANO

MY MOTHER was dying in the winter of 1986. A metastatic tumor clasped her spine. She couldn't walk. Radiation therapy was undertaken to burn the growth out, and, after ten sessions, a CAT scan found her spinal compression much reduced. In itself, though, radiation can be traumatic. It nauseated my mother: the mention of food was repulsive. Even with intravenous sugar her weight fell from 105 to

under ninety pounds, and she couldn't answer my grip. An already fragile 76-year-old constitution had shrugged and given up: she was wasting. And so I went out and committed a crime.

I bought marijuana in the untidy neighborhood around 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue. At home I made dough and baked pot cookies. Crumb by crumb I force-fed my mother. She had little saliva: often cookie bits were regurgitated. But the appetite-arousing

chemical in marijuana got to her system. Three hours after I had begun feeding pot to her, my mother signaled me near with her hand. I bent to listen. "Maybe I could try just a taste of cheeseburger," she said.

While in hospital my mother ate pot every day. The nausea was mitigated. In time nourishment lit her metabolism again. After 15 days she was sent home to begin the tiresome process of regaining mobility. I confided in her medical team. One doctor said, "Keep feeding her the dope. Just don't tell anyone I recommended it." In 1987 the tumor got leverage again: this time it pressed on her brain stem. Again my mother underwent radiation. Again she deteriorated. And I went back to the streets for marijuana. 1988 was a peaceful, active year. My mother died after spinal surgery in March 1989. Marijuana, I'm certain, gave her almost three years of life.

The drug war will never succeed (assuming that it should be fought at all) while we maintain our absurd attitude toward marijuana. Children in Harlem and Bed-Stuy laugh: they know marijuana isn't crack or heroin or ice. Children lose respect when you lie. A Third World budget's worth of cash and the lives of policemen are being squandered to suppress marijuana. That is nothing less than tragic. I don't advocate the use of marijuana—except for obvious medical reasons. If you can live pot-free, be my guest. But to lump marijuana with the addictive drugs is preposterous. In plain fact, you can't even lump it with wine or beer. Alcohol—honored by custom, available everywhere—has been ten thousand times more destructive than pot. And, to make a point, this will become my refrain: Alcohol is legal, but you can be put in jail for pot.

Marijuana doesn't cause cirrhosis of the liver. Nor ulcers. Nor a hangover, nor foul breath. Better yet: with pot you don't slur words and become boring and fall over your own feet. (No one should drive on either drug.) Lab studies done with marijuana have disappointed the reefer-madness clique—there might be some sperm change, but not much else. Alcoholism, according to my medical handbook, "can affect every system of the body." Public-service spots say that marijuana smoke is bad for lung tissue. Of course. You shouldn't smoke it. I hardly ever have. Ingested in a cookie

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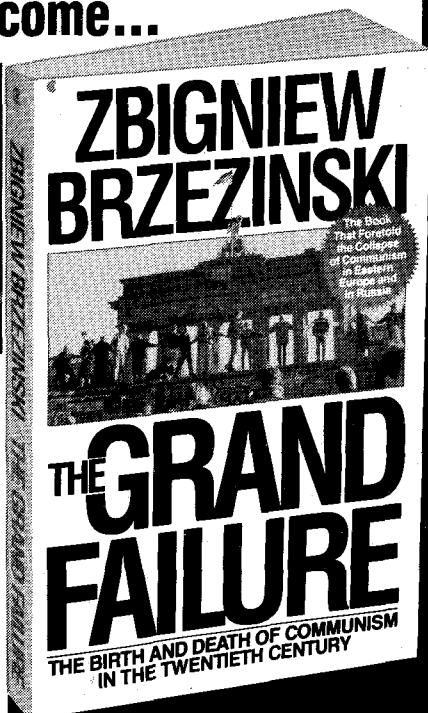
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or fudge, marijuana is even cheaper than alcohol. An ounce will generate three years' supply for casual use. It won't addict you unless you're an addictive personality (10 per cent of adult males in America are addicted to alcohol). Most important, marijuana doesn't destroy children the way drinking does. (Yet alcohol is legal, but you can be put in jail for pot.)

Alcohol doesn't just wreck people—it has wrecked *generations* of people. This datum is only now being understood. Children of alcoholic parents display a recognizable syndrome. They have low self-esteem and are irresolute. They distrust intimate relationships. They are overcritical and often depressed. I know a dozen adult children of alcoholics. You know many, too. (I have before me one of *ten* self-help books on the subject available at Shakespeare and Co.) Alcoholism is devastating to children because—night after night—gross personality change occurs in one parent or both. The slobber. The rage. The lack of coordination. The bogus good-fellowship. The y'know-yer-a-real-swell-guy-and-I-love-you-pour-me-another bull. These metamorphoses bewilder children. They can't tell what normal should be and are forced to parent their parents. The unpopular truth is this: no such gross personality change appears with marijuana use. My children know when I've had one glass of Scotch. They have *never* known when I was on pot. If alcoholics were allowed to substitute pot for liquor—and many would—ten thousand children might be spared depression and neurosis. Yet, I forgot, alcohol is legal, but you can be put in jail for pot.

Mind now, the anti-drug lords are



Jennifer Lawson

well aware of all this. They know marijuana is relatively innocuous. But they are afraid, as politicians tend to be, of making a relevant distinction. The electorate, they figure, can only grasp ALL DRUGS ARE EQUALLY BAD. Last month a high government official said on radio, "Maybe marijuana won't kill you, but it will make you stupid." Sure, and when last did the conversation of a drunk engross him? Alcohol, remember, is big business. It has a powerful lobby, I'm certain. I suspect that, by intent or not, some of our most passionate anti-drug people are serving as mercenary militiamen in the liquor cartel's fight to keep marijuana from competing with beer or hooch. And so, sing it, alcohol is legal, but you can go to jail for pot.

Marijuana, anyhow, isn't some ersatz substance put together by geek pharmacologists in a crack loft. It hasn't been distilled and set out to age. It grows just about everywhere in nature—like, well, corn or wheat. It is *organic* to the planet Earth. Might just as well outlaw traffic in goldenrod. But, yes, alcohol is legal and you can fill in the rest yourself. □

campus; and so on, *ad nauseam*. The history makes interesting reading, but Goldkamp's thesis that we're witnessing a battle of the Pope and the Catholic faithful versus university administrators and professors is unconvincing. It's not just the fault of the omnipresent university liberals. For a start, Rome—even under this Pope—has been discouragingly timid. It took 12 years just to start proceedings against Father Curran and another eight to remove him from Catholic University—so he could go on to publish and teach elsewhere. The same frustrating pattern has been followed with other infamous dissenters: either they were just rebuked, or, if they were removed from their positions, they have gone on to repeat their performance elsewhere. More depressingly, in some senses—at least compared to thirty years ago—we're all dissenters now. The rot is so deep and so pervasive that it is, humanly speaking, intractable—large crowds of celebrity-loving Roman Catholics at Papal Masses notwithstanding. The faithful remnant of orthodox Catholics will find the sad story chronicled in this work worth the read.

—KEVIN FITZPATRICK

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Pope, the Press, the Profs, and the People, by Dick Goldkamp (*Human Life International*, 7845-E Airpark Road, Gaithersburg, Md. 20879; 20 pp., \$3)

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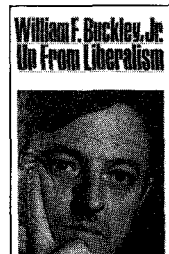
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TRANS-O-GRAM/ Kem Putney

1	A	2	D		3	<u>O</u>	4	X	5	C		6	S	7	Y	8	B	9	L	10	K		11	R	12	T	13	E	14	H	15	F	16	M	17	A	18	B	19	Z	20	U			
21	J	22	N	23	W		24	S	25	C		26	I	27	Q	28	T	29	E	30	G	31	H	32	D		33	X	34	A	35	F		36	M	37	K	38	D	39	S	40	W		
41	Y	42	Q	43	A	44	C		45	R	46	T	47	P	48	U	49	H	50	Z	51	W	52	K	53	D	54	<u>Y</u>		55	I	56	V		57	X	58	<u>O</u>	59	R		60	A		
61	E	62	L	63	N	64	Z	65	P	66	C	67	S	68	B	69	D	70	U	71	M		72	G	73	F	74	L	75	X	76	P	77	E	78	<u>O</u>	79	R		80	B	81	D	82	C
83	S		84	Z	85	X	86	M	87	K		88	V	89	D	90	H		91	A	92	F	93	E	94	I	95	L	96	Q		97	B	98	T		99	W	100	<u>O</u>	101	K			
	102	C	103	M	104	P		105	Y	106	F	107	Q	108	A	109	N	110	D	111	G	112	J	113	B		114	T	115	K	116	U	117	G	118	Z	119	F		120	N	121	S		
122	M	123	R		124	E	125	D	126	R	127	W	128	L	129	N		130	Y	131	E		132	V	133	A	134	M		135	A	136	X	137	<u>O</u>	138	S	139	K		140	T			
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	161	X	162	I	163	L		164	<u>O</u>	165	D	166	E	167	V	168	A		169	R	170	T		171	F	172	Z	173	S		174	G	175	M	176	S	177	Y	178	N	179	F			
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199	R	200	G	201	C	202	M		203	N	204	T		205	X	206	B	207	D	208	P	209	J	210	H	211	G																		

DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|
| A. City in northern Texas (2 words) | 91 149 60 34 1 17 133 189 43 168 | M. Musical compositions | 86 103 16 36 151 122 202 175 71 134 |
| | 135 108 | N. Fought | 203 109 120 22 63 178 129 |
| B. Liam's favorite dish (2 words) | 206 8 97 147 158 113 68 18 80 | O. Ell's home (2 words) | 100 183 3 58 164 137 146 78 |
| C. What remained after Liam was finished | 44 82 182 102 25 66 193 201 5 | P. Substance | 76 47 208 150 104 65 |
| D. Vaduz is its capital | 38 53 110 207 81 2 89 165 148 152 | Q. Parachutist's "lifeline" | 27 143 157 42 107 191 96 |
| | 32 69 125 | R. AuH ₂ O | 11 169 45 126 199 187 79 59 123 |
| E. Entanglement | 124 160 166 61 13 29 131 156 77 93 | S. Muleheaded | 121 6 173 24 39 83 67 176 138 |
| | 144 | T. Hiking liberal puts this forward (2 words) | 114 46 170 140 204 28 12 98 |
| F. Kansas City Chiefs' stadium | 184 106 179 73 15 171 35 92 119 | U. Unlike the hawk | 48 116 70 154 20 196 |
| G. Ahab's nemesis (2 words) | 72 200 174 211 194 30 111 117 | V. Olfactory glimpse | 186 132 167 56 88 |
| H. Sequoia | 210 49 14 90 190 141 31 | W. Verify | 99 195 23 127 51 40 |
| I. Result | 155 26 198 162 55 94 | X. Experimental | 161 75 145 57 4 33 136 205 85 |
| J. Coin opening | 188 21 209 112 | Y. Stony inscription | 181 54 41 177 7 105 130 |
| K. Captain Bob pulled his strings (2 words) | 52 115 142 101 87 180 37 159 139 10 | Z. Rosie was one | 50 172 84 118 185 64 19 |
| L. The larch isn't | 163 74 128 9 192 153 95 197 62 | | |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 60 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

Cincinnati Censorship

NEW YORK, APRIL 16

As was absolutely predictable, the entire critical world is focusing on Cincinnati, where a new hero has been discovered, and a new villain. The hero is the director of the Contemporary Arts Center, which is featuring the Mapplethorpe photographs, and the villain is the sheriff who served a grand-jury indictment on him for violating the obscenity laws of the city of Cincinnati.

The next thing you knew, the panzer divisions of the artistic community were on the march. Mr. Bennard Perlman, for instance, who contributes an op-ed piece to the *New York Times* under the headline "A Century of Cincinnati Aesthetics: From Fig Leaves to Fines." What has he got to say? Sample: "In the nineteenth century, when the sight of an ankle was shocking—ministers spoke out against women playing croquet; one simply did not say 'piano legs'—well-meaning males censored art to protect fair maidens' sensibilities." Anyone with just a little imagination can write the rest of the column. Don't forget to include the ban on *Ulysses* and painting over breasts and genitalia in the Sistine Chapel. If you have any trouble, go to the local software house and order the program, "Artists, Immunity of. \$19.95."

The controversy is almost a year old. It began last summer when the National Endowment for the Arts put up money for the Mapplethorpe collection and also for the Serrano collection. The former (which is now in Cincinnati) contains photographs of the kind of thing men do to each other while communicating AIDS (of which Mapplethorpe died). The second contained a crucifix in a jar of the artist's urine.

What we haven't heard from the artistic community is the correct reaction to two questions. The first is: Are we taking the position that any creation executed by an artist is "art"—and that it should be immune from criticism? And second, What kind of criticism is tolerable?

Let us suppose that an artist painted a synagogue in the shape of a swastika. Would we be obliged to withhold criticism of the painting, in deference to the liberties of the artist?

Ah, we are told, it isn't criticism we object to, it is the action of such as the sheriff of Cincinnati, who is prosecuting the Arts Center, and the action of such as Senator Helms, who is specifying that certain kinds of art do not qualify for national patronage.

One needs to say, in turn: Where is the criticism by the art community of the work of Serrano and Mapplethorpe? There is high sensitivity to the excesses of a legislature that exercises fiduciary powers in spending the people's money, and sensitivity to a sheriff who enforces a law passed by the people of Cincinnati, which law has been held to be constitutional (*Miller v. California*) by the Supreme Court. It is striking that no one is aroused by the damage done to artistic integrity by using in the first instance a camera, in the second, sculpture, in order to make a statement. Mapplethorpe and Serrano are only incidentally artists, to the extent that this work represents them. They are engaging in what years ago Herbert Agar identified as the "anarchic passion to smash." The depiction of sodomy is primarily a statement, rather than a work of art; and the use of the artist's urine to enshroud the crucifix is primarily an act of abuse. A healthy society needs to find means by which to say: We care. What are such means?

In the case of Hamilton County, Ohio, you are told that if you want to buy an issue of *Hustler*, go to another city to do it; and that applies to X-rated video cas-

settes and to the Playboy movie channel. The sheriff who acted against the Mapplethorpe exhibit is, according to the *New York Times*, "arguably the most popular politician in Hamilton County." Why are we mad at him? Shouldn't we be mad at the Supreme Court, which has ruled that that which is held to be obscene by "community standards" can be proscribed? And why angry at a Congress that pauses to ask the question: Are there no offenses which an artist can commit, such that it is right to forgo patronizing him with tax money?

The director of the arts center in Cincinnati knew where he was headed. "Mr. Barrie and the trustees say they tried to head off some criticism by restricting the exhibition to people 18 or older, segregating the most disputed pieces from the rest of the exhibit, placing warning signs at the door alerting visitors to the sexually explicit nature of some of the work, and raising the entrance fee from \$2 to \$5." If they did all that, then they have done all the intellectual homework necessary to send Mapplethorpe's pictures over to another city. □

Are You 'Responsible'?

NEW YORK, APRIL 9

At a public encounter the other day a student asked Senator George McGovern what was his position on abortion. He replied that American women could be counted on to behave responsibly on the question whether to have an abortion, "so let's leave it up to them." This brought uproarious applause from most of the crowd, and the air was thick with the incense that hovers over a Solomonic statement, hallowing the moment.

The trouble with Mr. McGovern's statement is that it is palpably wrong.

In debating the question of abortion, clearly we are talking about an unwanted child. But if the child is unwanted, why did it materialize? We all know the answer to this, do we not? The woman who became pregnant either a) was ignorant of the paraphernalia by means of which unwanted pregnancies are avoided; or else b) was not ignorant, but recklessly failed to take the proper precautions; or else c) was carried away by passion, perhaps in an inebriated state, and simply hoped she would not become pregnant; or else d) was raped.

Now with the exception of the last category, which accounts for one-half of 1 per cent of the pregnancies that are ter-



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minated by abortionists, is it correct to say that the woman in question was behaving "responsibly"? Presumably not: If you don't want a child and have the option not to have one, then it is not to behave responsibly to become pregnant. And if one behaves irresponsibly in the matter of conceiving, why should George McGovern assume that responsibility sets in between the moment of conception and the moment of abortion?

Most people don't think it entirely responsible to bear illegitimate children, right? This is so notwithstanding that many moralists would admire more the woman who bore the child she mistakenly conceived, than the woman who aborted it. But illegitimate birth is nevertheless viewed, on the whole, as an act of irresponsibility.

Well, in 1970, 10.7 per cent of all births in America were illegitimate. By 1986, that figure had more than doubled—to 23.4. Broken down by race, white illegitimacy in 1970 was at 5.7 per cent. By 1986 it had tripled—to 15.7 per cent. Comparable figures among blacks were 37.6 rising to 61.2 per cent. That would seem to be irresponsibility on a massive scale.

The point, then, is that women who go to an abortionist, or who procreate illegitimate babies, are not the best judges of right and wrong, even if society agreed that they should in their own situation be the executors of the critical decision, whether to give birth, or to abort.

Theology teaches that the conscience is supreme. This means only that you cannot commit a moral wrong unless you believe it to be wrong. It does not mean—anarchy would be the result—that all the decisions an individual arrives at are morally correct.

And this is the nature of the quarrel between those who believe in the woman's "right" to abort, and those who do not. If abortion is objectively wrong, a society may nevertheless wish to abide by the woman's right to pursue her own conscience and abort. But latitudinarianism by the society does not sanctify all the uses to which it might be put. If society licenses the sale of liquor, it does not derivatively license drunkenness. And of course the great divide, between the two camps, has to do with such questions as do not affect the drunkard, who for the most part damages only himself and his own reputation—if while drunk he attacks someone else, he gets hauled up on assault charges.

Leaving us, then, with the obvious question, the source of the intellectual and moral difficulty: Is a mortal assault on a fetus something on the order of as-

sault and battery? Or is it no different from stuffing a tomato into a blender?

These perplexities may continue to confound us. But really, one shouldn't designate the class of people who have this problem as the class of especially responsible people. □

Israel's Problem

NEW YORK, APRIL 6

Israel's got problems. Deeply serious problems. These were ventilated, with the cogency characteristic of the program, on the MacNeil-Lehrer show the other day when a mini-documentary was done on the Russian settlers on the West Bank. The necessary perspective here is that people who live in the Soviet Union can be expected to wish that they lived elsewhere. The last line of Fox Butterfield's great book on modern China quotes a Chinese woman, recounting the travail of life under the Communists, as remarking that, "If China ever opened its doors, everybody would go. To the United States." If four hundred years ago in reaction to minor persecutions (by today's standards), our pilgrim fathers chose to cross an unknown ocean in frail barks, to land after ninety days of travel in hostile territory and risk pestilence and starvation, one can more readily understand the eagerness to leave their homeland of people who live in Russia and are offered a four-hour jet ride to another country, plus a subsidy to get started there, and official hospitality. Why would not an unhappy Russian, which reasonably describes the majority of them, elect this alternative?

We narrow the question to that of Russian Jews. The general understanding is that their persecution by the Communists causes them to yearn to live in a country in which they can worship in their ancestral faith. The trouble with this account, according to witnesses on the MacNeil-Lehrer program, is that the Jews who are arriving in Israel these days have no idea whatever of formal Jewishness. They do not know Hebrew and have never been in a synagogue. What it comes down to, according to witnesses, is very simply this: They have left Russia. They are "Jews" only because there is some faint memory among them that that once was the religion of their ancestors. It might be put this way, that the persecution of the Jewish religion by three generations (and indeed more: there was heavy persecution of the Jews by the czars) has been so successful

as to achieve virtual extirpation. It is as if a band of "Christians" were to arrive in Italy who had never been in a Christian church, did not know Biblical history, had never heard of the Pope or witnessed, let alone participated in, Christian exercises. In such circumstances, one would think in terms of "converting" the newly arrived "Christians." They would not be thought of as Christians in any meaningful sense.

Years ago, in the struggle against anti-Semitism, it was drummed into the American consciousness that Jews were not a "race"—they were subscribers to a religious faith. I can hear Gregory Peck today, reciting his lines in *Gentleman's Agreement*, sternly rebuking the anti-Semitic residents of a town in Westchester County for the mistake of supposing that Jews could be defined ethnically. Jews are people who believe in Judaism. Then came the period when Jews argued publicly among themselves the question: What is it to "be" a Jew? Something other than patronizing the synagogue, they needed to concede: because relatively few of them did. It was settled finally, a nice exercise in sociological abstraction, that a "Jew" was somebody who thought himself a "Jew."

Now Israel's famous law of return, which grants the pre-emptive right to live in Israel to every "Jew," defines a Jew a little more strictly. To qualify as a Jew, one has to have had a Jewish mother. Now presumably this is no problem for the Russian Jews. Religious miscegenation is not common in Jewish centers in Russia, where ghetto life has been encouraged. But it comes down to this: the rest of the world, viewing the immigration of Jews into the West Bank, which is where the government of Israel wishes them to settle, sees a high degree of cynicism in the maneuver. By the end of this year, according to plans, Jewish settlement in the West Bank will have doubled. By the end of next year, five hundred thousand "Jewish" settlers will live there—to balance the 1.7 million Palestinians who are there now.

Is Israel then engaged in providing religious sanctuary? It is very hard to answer that question affirmatively. You are hardly providing religious sanctuary to someone who has no religion he desires to practice. What you are doing is importing manpower. Perhaps in the years ahead these Russians will rediscover the faith of their fathers. Who knows? Perhaps not. Some of them—a minority, one hopes—are going to say: What do we have to do to cease being thought of as Jews? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

■ One year after student protestors first began massing on Peking's Tiananmen Square, George Bush has become the number-one loser thanks to his weak response to Deng Xiaoping's ongoing crackdown. Although the Democrats failed to pass a bill on the subject over his veto, the affair has not been without its cost. Many Republican senators are still bitter over the President's attempt to renege on a promised executive order to protect Chinese students here in the U.S.

The flap began in January, when GOP senators barely managed to beat back an override of the veto of the China Student Bill. Many of them supported the President only because he went all out on the issue. One staffer tells us that White House officials actually threatened GOP senators that the President would not campaign for anyone who voted to override. The President also gave assurances—including a handwritten note to Senator Connie Mack (R., Fla.)—that an executive order would be "better" than the legislation. But two months later, despite several claims by the President that he had issued such an order, the *Federal Register* had yet to publish one.

In April the Mack letter was released and the affair erupted again. The press attacked, the White House tried to dodge, Congress joined in, and within days an embarrassed Administration caved in and issued the order.

Word on the Hill is that a number of Republicans are livid at the White House for leaving them politically exposed by breaking the deal. This was a "personal" vote for the President, said the Administration, evidently meaning that he was willing to risk losing Republican seats in the Senate to get his way.

■ While all this was going on in Washington, down in

Cuba one of Deng Xiaoping's last few friends was railing against the President for quite different reasons. A few months back we reported on the delays plaguing the launch of TV Martí, and how these meant that Cubans did not see the dramatic footage of Rumanians bringing down Ceausescu. Well, the station is now up and running, and Fidel has reacted accordingly, denouncing the imperialist *Yanquis* and threatening all kinds of retaliation, from jamming the broadcasts, to disrupting commercial American television in the South, to cutting phone lines and canceling family visits—all within his capabilities.

The big news, however, is that he hasn't done so. Just as important, U.S. press stories that TV Martí has been completely jammed are completely untrue. Cato's sources estimate that about a third of Havana is getting the signal, and that it is reaching other parts of the island as well. This is no mean feat, in that TV Martí broadcasts are beamed across the open ocean from a balloon; the distance involved is several times greater than the normal capability of most stations. On the technical side alone it is making broadcast history, and Cubans are for the first time seeing footage of, say, the Berlin Wall coming down.

■ Last issue we reported on AT&T's decision to withdraw funding from Planned Parenthood because of the

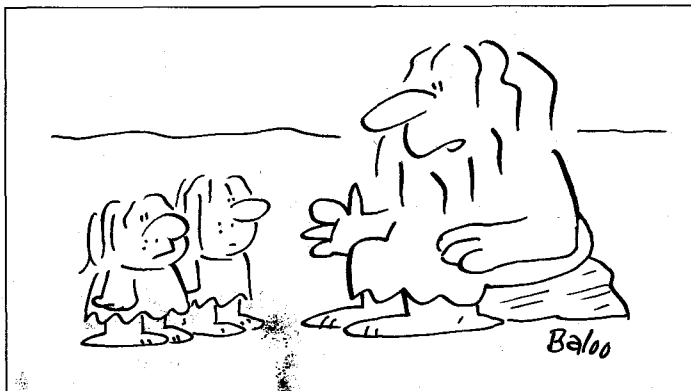
latter's increasing identification with abortion. Since then, Planned Parenthood has responded with a full-page ad attacking the decision in papers around the country. In consequence, AT&T set up an 800-number hotline for people to call and give their opinion on the decision.

But AT&T isn't caving in. Cato has seen an internal memo to AT&T employees announcing that the firm intends to stick with its decision. The memo expresses AT&T's concern that the funding was seen by "both sides" as an endorsement of abortion: "Ironically, . . . Planned Parenthood's strident ad campaign is just the kind of politicking that prompted us to direct our funds for education to other agencies, and regrettably their reaction to our decision may make other companies think twice about supporting far less controversial causes."

■ Back in Congress, a group of black pro-lifers paid a visit to the office of the Hon. Augustus F. Hawkins (D., Calif.), one of the staunchest pro-choice votes on the Hill. The pro-lifers argued that abortion amounts to genocide against blacks, and asked Mr. Hawkins to reconsider his position. The argument went on until Hawkins aide Gail Perry threatened the group that if they said publicly that the congressman was pro-abortion, "we will sue you." See you in court, Gail.

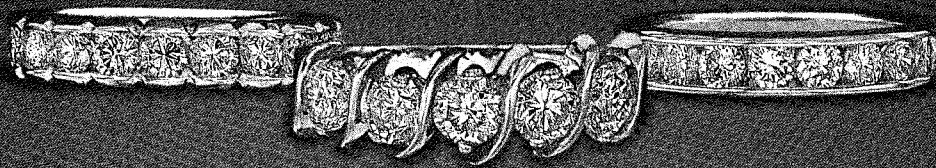
■ It's been a red-faced Bernie Aronson around the White House these past few days. It seems that while traveling to Chile with Dan Quayle on Air Force Two, the assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs took up a favorite game of Washington bureaucrats called The Rules Don't Apply to Me. In this particular case, the rule was that those traveling with

the Vice President were to leave their luggage unlocked to help facilitate security checks. But Secret Service agents found Mr. Aronson's briefcase locked, and had to pry it open with a screwdriver. When they looked inside they found he had committed an even greater no-no: the case was full of classified documents, the type that are not supposed "to leave your person." —CATO



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